

The AMERICAN LEGION *Weekly*

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NATIONAL
EDUCATION
WEEK
DECEMBER
3rd - 9th



Join the Post of Wandering Sons

Its members are scattered all over the world, they are the men who never joined as well as the men who were legionnaires last year, the men who don't know where to go to pay their dues or who are far away from the clubhouse and the red glow of the November fires in the big old grate.

There is no friendly buddy but "The Weekly," and if they don't kick in to some post adjutant before the year is out, they will be backsliders on the Legion roster; the Weekly will stop coming, and their homelessness will close in around them and make them feel life's emptiness more than ever.

If you are one of those chaps who has no post to join, no clubhouse in which to hang your hat, no Legion mat where you can shake off the snow, and no door through which to cross into a happy

lounging-room with fellow comrades, then

JOIN THE POST OF THE WANDERING SONS

You can do this by sending five dollars for a year's dues. You will receive a membership card and the Legion Weekly for a whole year. Then, if you ever desire to transfer to any post in the United States, all you have to do is flash the card before the new post adjutant. Just think of that, five silver nicked iron wheels, and you're up to date in the Legion for your 1923 membership.

*But no matter who you are fall in for dues—
line has already formed for 1923*

Post of Wandering Sons
AMERICAN LEGION
627 West 43d St., New York

Here's five bucks (\$5.00) for my 1923 membership in The American Legion. Send me a 1923 card and I will transfer to the first post I can locate. I was a member of.....

.....Post No.....

in.....

OR I am a new member and am attaching my army history:
Send the Weekly from now until Dec. 31, 1923, to me as follows:

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



Shoot the Old
Kupe—and Be
with the
Wanderers
Until You
Stake a Claim

Trading With the Bolsheviks

“Resuming Commer-
cial Relations With
Russia” Is Not So
Simple an Undertak-
ing As It Sounds

By John Palmer Cumming

THIS is the first of two articles in which Mr. Cumming describes in graphic detail the only sale of American flour, shipped from this country for delivery to the Soviets at a Black Sea port, that has ever been recorded. His first-hand account provides an excellent commentary on the Bolshevik way of doing business. Mr. Cumming has for two years been connected with an American export house in Constantinople and only recently returned to this country. He was one of the organizers of Constantinople Post of the Legion and was serving as commander at the time of his return to the States. The second part of Mr. Cumming's narrative will be published in next week's issue.

THE recent news from Moscow to the effect that the Russian grain harvest has failed means that someone will be selling flour to the Bolsheviks this winter, but yours truly is spending his Christmas at home, thank you. He will not envy the men who go out to get the business. You fellows outside of the “flour ring” do not know what it is to go chasing over the streets of Constantinople to find out who has wired for quotations on second clear hard wheat, while the New York Produce Exchange gets excited over advancing prices and individual flour houses are awaiting with bated breath the replies of their several agents in Turkey. This was the situation out there just a year ago when we closed our first big deal with the Russian Soviet Government, or, as they



“... made a paste with water and flour and stuck it on the end of a paddle to dry in the sun”

called themselves, “La Société Transcaucasienne pour le Commerce Etranger,” meaning nothing more or less than “The Transcaucasian Society for Foreign Trade.”

Every flour merchant, commission agent, and business floater tried to dicker with the Soviet representatives, and they all wired to New York for

flour quotations. Every time this happened our own New York supply house would feel the agitation on the market and would immediately warn us that someone else was about to close contracts similar to our own. It remained for us, however, actually to sell, deliver and collect for the only American flour that was sold for shipment direct from

New York to a Russian. Black Sea port.

The deal was for nine thousand tons, or about 141,500 sacks of 140 pounds each. The sale was made at the same time that you were reading about the \$20,000,000 worth of grain that the United States was donating to starving Russia. In other words, while our own Government was giving flour away, we were selling it. This, as every salesman knows (you can even know it without being a salesman), was keen competition, but we also had to consider the fact that Constantinople was infested with shrewd Greek and Armenian flour men who would have given an arm for the business.

Riff—I will call him that—was the wide-awake American thunderstorm salesman that swept the Soviets off their feet and got the business. He was a human marvel in the art. Early in the fall he met Ipskowitz, the head of the buying mission of the Soviet Government. Ipskowitz, which, of course, is not his right name, was the one and only man I ran into in the whole Caucasian Soviet régime that could have been called a good business man. He was keen and shrewd, and due to an American college and business education had risen above the Bolshevik masses to the position he held. Ipskowitz spoke fluent English and felt as if American business men were the only ones with whom he cared to deal. There had to be some plane of meeting between Riff and Ipskowitz, and it was along this line that the relations were built up and the deal finally closed.

It is necessary, however, in order to explain the situation in the Caucasus, to present a brief glimpse of the pseudo-government of that part of Russia. There are three little states in the Caucasus, lying between the Black Sea and the Caspian. They are Georgia, Azerbaijan and Armenia. The red army invaded this territory in the fall of 1920 and made it Bolshevik. Riff and I had been located at Batum on the Black Sea prior to this invasion. We had evacuated to the Crimea, where, again, later on in the same year, we found it necessary to flee from the red onrush. It was a strange contrast that found us now, just one year later, doing business with the same forces from which we had fled.

When the Soviet army invaded Baku, on the Caspian, swung down to Tiflis, in Georgia, and finally reached the port of Batum, the three little mushroom republics were easily subjugated. Moscow, however, was keen enough to realize that the differences in Tartar, Armenian and Georgian character precluded the possibility of a harmonic régime. As an experiment, and mostly to appease the several Armenian, Azerbaijan and Georgian officials who wanted to keep their fingers in the political pie, Moscow decided to let these states have a little Soviet union of their own, with as few officers from the north of Russia as possible. Ipskowitz was one of the officials sent down from Moscow to hold the reins. He was the head of the Soviet buying mission for the three states. His com-

mitteemen were three representatives from the three mushroom republics.

This Transcaucasian union did not receive any of the flour America sent to the Volga regions. It had been ravaged by the Soviets, and was being rapidly drained of its oil products at Baku and its harvests in the poorer farming districts. Its intelligentsia had evacuated to Constantinople. A horde of Russian refugees poured south upon it for food, and winter was rapidly approaching. The buying mission had to have flour immediately.

A PECULIAR situation arose. The Constantinople markets were empty. The Russians had, they said, plenty of gold from the old imperial reserve. Riff, in common with over a hundred flour agents, was simply an agent for a New York firm, and had no capital.

If the Russians paid us gold before they received the flour, they feared the money would be confiscated for ancient Russian debts by one of the Allied countries. They could pay gold only against a ship loaded with flour lying in a Black Sea port. Riff, remember, had neither flour nor capital, and the New York house wanted its money in hand before the ship could sail from New York. Insurance rates were prohibitive, it seemed, and where on earth was the company or the bank that would risk a shipment of a half-million-dollar cargo beyond the narrow little mouth of the Bosphorus into the perilous, hitherto unexplored commercial ports of the Russian Soviets?

Finally, after days of negotiations, a bank was found that would lend the money for the purchase of the cargo, take the papers in its name, and handle the collection provided a deposit of twenty-five percent of the cargo value was made in their vaults. The Russians felt that to deposit this money in their own name meant immediate confiscation.

The firm in New York quoted low to get the business. The deal was closed, the ship was chartered, and the money deposited in the bank in Riff's name. Constantinople was agog with excitement when the news leaked out. "Russia was opening up," and rumors of that opening circled the globe. But what problems beset that little office of ours in Constantinople! Suppose the ship arrived at Batum only to be confiscated? There would be no recourse from our own United States, for the Secretary of State had warned everyone that he who traded with the Russians did so at his own risk. Even our passports had to be deposited at the consulate and our citizenship waived if we entered Russia.

The days of infinite detail and con-

tinued wrangle wore to an end. The complications were threshed out. The Russians deposited their twenty-five percent in Riff's name at the bank, and the bank advanced the other seventy-five percent with the flour itself as collateral. In commercial language, we opened a "confirmed irrevocable credit." This meant that the entire purchase price was cabled to a New York bank. The shipper loaded the flour and took all documents to the financiers in New York, received his money, and the cargo sailed. The documents came by mail to Constantinople and were held by our bank there. When the bank received the payment of the balance due, the flour was ours, for the Bolsheviks. If the bank did not collect, then it could sell the goods on the Constantinople market, and it had a twenty-five percent margin to protect it if the deal fell through.

The ship was instructed to proceed to Constantinople, where provision was made for a twenty-four hour stop for further instructions. It would be accompanied to Batum by two bank delegates, as well as one to represent Riff. There the ship was to wait four additional days, collect the money, and proceed to any port the Soviets instructed for discharge.

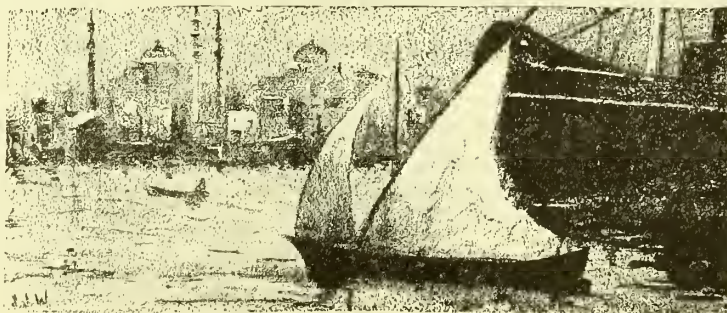
The Russians never knew it, but when that cargo arrived in Constantinople ready for its voyage into the Black Sea, we had secured insurance against seizure, capture, pillage, pilferage, robbery, shipwreck, damage, piracy, brigandage, theft, and plunder, not to mention confiscation, and the "organized or unorganized movements of kings, sovereigns, governments and/or peoples" individually, separately "and/or" severally. It would have queered the entire deal if the Soviets had known of our precautions, for they were, they said, honorable men.

The gold was equally covered to include every known form of currency against every known manner of loss, for it was not known in what currency we would be paid, as the Russians had the privilege of meeting their obligation in any money that would buy sufficient dollars to pay their indebtedness. The insurance policies were corrected four or five times by an old Frenchman in the bank who lost about twenty pounds in weight from the time the contract was signed until he met his representatives on their return from Russia. His favorite expression was, "Cette affaire là, elle est impossible!" And if for one moment it seemed as if "this affair there, she is possible," the old duck would squint his eyebrows, stroke his moustache and pace the floor until he could swing about exultantly and throw a few more monkey wrenches into the otherwise smoothly running machinery.

There were times when we swore by all the gods of the Near East that every flour merchant, every bank and every business man in the universe had combined to keep us from actually consummating the deal.

In time, however, Riff, blonde Irishman from the Carolinas, held the bank in tow, smoothed down the insurance men, laughed and swore,

(Cont'd on page 18)



Sidekicks

How the Brewer's Big Horses Came Through Thanks to the Scent of Auld Lang Syne

By Fairfax Downey

*"Oh, they step so high and they step so free,
But the Brewer's Big Horses can't run
over me-ee."*

THE voices of the little group of men and women on the corner rose to a shrill, almost fanatical pitch on the last note of the song. The leader gestured excitedly and directed the attention of the surrounding crowd to the pair of sturdy nags drawing by a keg-towering dray just at the psychological moment to give point to the prohibitionist meeting ditty. It was in 1917.

Pete, the near horse, refused to pay the gathering the compliment of shying at it. Repeat, his teammate, only threw his muscular shoulders a little harder into the collar, as if to demonstrate that his heart was in his work. After a slight perking up of ears at the noise, they glanced at each other amusedly. They were sure they had no intention of walking over anybody. Besides, this prohibition affair was a joke, and a far-fetched one at that. It never would be accepted. As they passed, Pete and Repeat gave the meeting a horse laugh.

Old Joe, perched on the driver's seat afore the keg pyramid, was less polite in his reaction. Gathering his reins in his left hand, he employed his right, thus freed, to place its thumb at his rubicund nose and wiggle its fingers.

As they pulled their load of empties into the cool of the vaulted arch of the brewery, Pete and Repeat put prohibition out of their equine minds and sniffed deep of the smell of fermenting hops and malt. To them no perfume in the world could equal its fragrance. It carried with it a connotation of oats and hay and a fine night's rest. It was the very essence of their beloved job.

But the disquieting question of drinking ethics was not thus so easily to be dismissed from the attention of the pair of sleek blacks. The very next day old Joe, their driver, fell off the wagon. The fatal part of the performance was that it was literal.

If old Joe had assuaged his thirst at the home fount—in the brewery—it wouldn't have happened, but he hit the hard stuff. The result was that he left the driver's seat and began to execute a jig on the topmost keg of his load. Pete and Repeat plodded dependably along and old Joe, who was agile for his age, jigged merrily. But they went under a railroad bridge that didn't allow all the headroom in the world, and it put old Joe out for the count.

Oblivious of the accident, Pete and Repeat walked on until halted by a crowd whom a young man was urging



to enlist for the war. That was the first Pete and Repeat had heard of it. The speaker caught their black visages regarding him solemnly over the heads of the throng.

"Here are two recruits right now!" the young man cried, and he pushed through and stroked the ears of the horses. "Two enlistments for the heavy artillery!"

"A couple of dumb animals have shown you the way, men," the young chap pursued. "Come on! Join up!"

The crowd laughed but surged forward. It was a good quota that Pete and Repeat took with them into the Army that day.

II

PETE and Repeat, like many others, found army training was the darnedest experience they ever had had. Gone was the calm, sedate life of the brewery. Instead of having all the comforts of repose in a nice, odoriferous stable, you had to spend the night out, tied on a line with a lot of plugs. You got routed out early and the hours were long. You had to submit to the indignity of having little men perch precariously like peanuts on your broad back. And when, wrathful at the insult to your proud Percheron blood, you humped them off, other men with shiny bars on their shoulders ordered the riders to get on again and again, until finally you got tired and let them stay.

Innumerable times they dressed you up in your harness, only to take it off and put it on another way or try it again to do it faster. Instead of a man's-size dray they hitched you to a box and a tube on wheels which they called a limber and gun, and gave you four other horses to help pull it. Dust and the smell of oiled and sweaty leather were forever in your nostrils; no more the intriguing odor of brewing beer.

But an honest horse had to admit that the rations were pretty regular and generous and that you got massaged and manicured by soldiers any number of times a day.

Pete and Repeat, the big wheel pair of the first-section piece, became the pride of the regiment, the boast of their battery and the adoration of their little driver, Private Gherking, surnamed Pickles, of course. The lieutenant in

charge of Department B was in the habit of escorting higher officers and visitors to the picket line where he would assume a pose between Pete and Repeat, saying, "These are my black beauties." It was a good act and always got quite a hand until the day when Repeat inadvertently stepped on his feet.

Training progressed. Came the day when the long-expected orders abroad arrived and the thrill of them raced through the camp. Down on the line, the horses, seeming to sense it, snorted and stamped. Heads lifted and necks curved as the detail came a little later to entrain them, for all had been in readiness and no time was to be lost.

The regiment split, the personnel off for Hoboken and the horses with their detail to Newport News—to meet again in France.

But war had an early tragedy in store for Pete and Repeat. Fate shuffled the big blacks cruelly in the embarkation corrals and they were separated for the first time since they buddied together in the brewery three years before.

Vain was the frantic search of Pickles Gherking. Fruitless the appeal of the battery officer in charge to the authorities. Pete was hoisted ludicrously into the ship's hold, but Repeat did not follow.

Do you know how poignantly a horse can miss his teammate? Perhaps you, like Pete, had a buddy who was transferred or replaced at the last minute. The parting and the hell of a rough voyage in the narrow stalls below decks were almost too much for Pete, but a good constitution and a good vet pulled him through. He lived to set hoof on the soil of France and to neigh loudly as though telling some equine Lafayette, "I am here!"

III

MORE training, more impatient waiting, until one day saw a column of heavy artillery winding along a smooth white road between the rows of poplars, horses proudly dragging newly camouflaged 155 mm. guns. Up to the fore with the first section, Pete might have informed the clumsy bay with which he was paired that they were on their way to the front, but he

(Continued on page 29)

Our Franco-American Baby

The French Wife of a Yankee Soldier Gives Her Views on Child Training

OUR baby was celebrating her third birthday yesterday, and for the first time in her life she had a party! When she woke up yesterday morning and found, in the kitchen, a brand new red bicycle, she began to shrug her shoulders, holding tight her nightgown with her brown dimpled little hands, and if we had not laughed she would have cried of happiness. The house was beautifully decorated and the day was endless excitement and pleasure. At night when I laid her in her pink and white little bed she still talked for a long hour about all the joys of day before. At last sleep overcame her.

Dear little France Marie! Today she has almost forgotten about her party, being so busy riding her bicycle, using her toy telephone or imagining that her Kiddie-Kar is an automobile!

Three years only, and I have no more baby! I have not even a little girl. Dolls are nothing to her, dishes were only meant to eat in, but she can tell from two blocks a Cleveland from a Chevrolet, a sedan from a coupé, and she will hundreds of times during the day come in and tell me about something being the matter with her motor, or her tires will be flat! The nozzle of the garden hose will supply her with gas, water and oil; she will be in turn a motorman or a traffic policeman; she will imagine that she has to park her car in a very difficult place and works hard to back up there; she will have a wreck and I will have to tow her in her garage, which is right under the sink in the kitchen. These are the daily occupations of my three-year-old baby girl!

I feel like that old hen who set on a duck egg and goes wild because her little one plunges in every puddle of water it meets.

I dreamt of bringing up my baby girl like I have seen my French friends bring up their own, but I am losing more confidence every day. The first words she learnt were French, and they sounded delightfully sweet to me. Then she began to know older children, who found out soon that she was talking a different language, and they began to make her talk, and repeat it again, and they had so much fun with it that when I tried to stop it, my baby would not talk hardly any more French. However, when she is alone with me I go on talking my language and sometimes she will answer me.

She seems to me like a perfect American child. However, people have said she looks French,



France Marie W—, three-years-old daughter of the writer of this article, with a daddy who was a buck private in a railway engineer regiment

specially by her vivacious ways, shrug of shoulders and her foreign accent. My little daughter talks American like her mother; she will once in awhile put too many h's in her conversation and it is ordinary to hear her ask for "a piece of hicc" or she wants to "heat some heggs." Once in awhile also she will mix up English and French in the funniest way and

then get real vexed if I laugh at her. My sisters and friends in France and myself have lots of fun, quarreling back and forth in our correspondence about bringing up children. They think that my baby girl has unnatural tastes in her playthings. I have never seen in France a little girl like mine, and yet mine here is just one among hundreds. Babies here are hardly real babies. As soon as their little feet can support them they want something with wheels; as soon as their intelligence understands what money can buy they want money, just like an American man or woman without distinction of sex.

They know too early what our babies in France do not know for so long. American parents seem to be so proud of their children if those show early in their little life much experience in mechanics, or sport, or later in buying and selling. The idea seems to be getting their children old, wise, quick—everything has to go quick here, even life. Even motherhood here is different. American mothers are so very easy with their children. American mothers, at least the ones I have had the leisure to study, will not bother about teaching their child not to keep his clothes and hands clean when playing. I have heard so often here that playing in the dirt and going barefooted is healthy. I do not think it will ever enter my head. I cannot see anything funny or cute about a child coming home smeared with mud or dirt from the top of his hair to the nails of his toes. Children here are healthy, wonderful, beautiful to look at, to watch playing outside, but don't take any in a drawing room or in a nice restaurant as they do not know how to behave and are usually a nuisance.

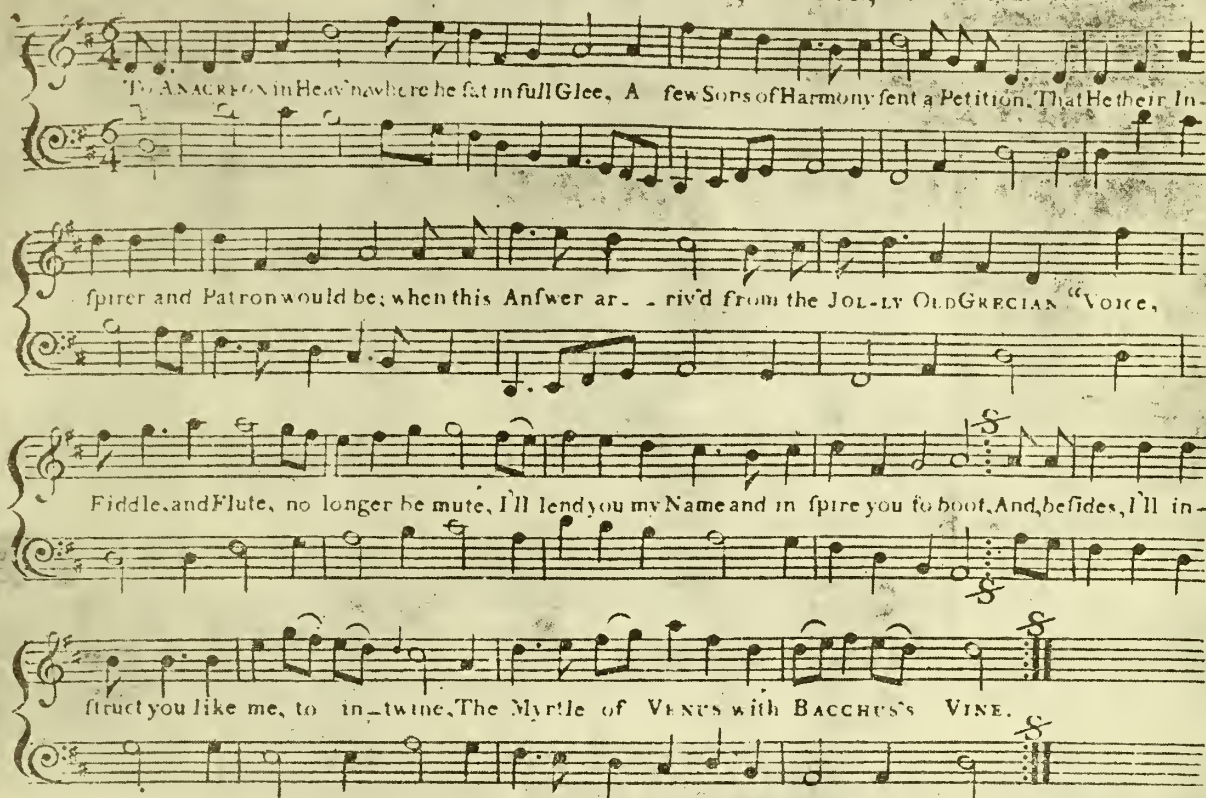
The result of bringing up children here seems to make wonderful boys but not so wonderful women, to my estimation. Boys from eight to twenty are the dearest things. They are clean cut, ingenious, manly and absolutely deprived of artifice, and even if they lack of manners and if their mother has to scrub their ears herself if she wants them clean, they are lovable—but girls! At that age girls of today become less and less interesting—I have followed and studied little girls who were twelve

when I came in America and who are over fifteen now and I am shocked at the change. Dolls with no brains, no feelings, but vanity, the ugly germ that destroys sentiment and love! Girls here, when they are sixteen, are women. They think of beauty (Cont'd on p. 22)

IF YOU do not approve of the sentiments expressed in this article, blame the editors. Like the pain-killer that Tom Sawyer fed to Aunt Polly's cat, we asked for it. "You have been in America more than three years," we said to this French wife of an American soldier. "You are the mother of a baby who is already old enough to talk. What does she talk, French or English? Do you find it difficult to bring her up in a different environment from the one in which you were brought up? What do you think of the way we bring up our children anyway? The Legion is going to observe National Education Week soon—any observations you care to make will be pertinent at that time." This is the result—in her own words.

THE ANACREONTIC SONG

As Sung at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand, LONDON, With General Admiration



An early Dublin printing (about 1780) of the air to which a generation later Francis Scott Key composed the words for "The Defence of Fort McHenry"—our "Star Spangled Banner." The words shown here are the first stanza of the Anacreontic song

But His Song Is Still There

Key's and America's "Star Spangled Banner" Survives in Spite of All Efforts to Dislodge It

By Parkhurst Whitney

THERE is a little red book published by the Library of Congress which proves that Francis Scott Key contributed more than "The Star Spangled Banner" to the history of his country. He started one of those controversies which, like the seventeen-year locusts, return at stated intervals to disturb our peace and inspire letters to the editor.

At the present moment—twenty minutes past nine on the morning of November 17, 1922—Key is still safely credited with the authorship of the words. Practically every other phase of the national anthem, if one dare to use that term, has been the subject of dispute among musical pundits and lay patriots. They have questioned the source of the music, the authorship of the music, the connection between words and music, who first sang "The Star Spangled Banner" and when and where.

In the course of 112 years some of those items have been eliminated from the field of conjecture, but without apparent effect on the vitality of the controversy. There is an element among the disputants that is not so much concerned about settling the details as settling "The Star Spangled Banner" in its entirety. This element doesn't like the words and it doesn't like the music, for reasons which will be given presently; before retailing the objections, it seems well to point out that if this element opposes the anthem energetically enough, it may be able to get its way.

Congress has passed no law designating "The Star Spangled Banner" as the national anthem. In Navy regulations of 1893 and in Army regulations of 1895, the music was prescribed to be played at colors. In 1916, President Wilson issued a White House proclamation naming the air as the official

national anthem. During the war various States and cities passed statutes and ordinances forbidding the playing of the air in medleys. In 1913 and again in 1921, bills were introduced in Congress to make "The Star Spangled Banner" the national anthem by law, but the bills died in committee.

Now, since this is a country which likes to have a law for every occasion, and even anticipates some occasions, the friends of "The Star Spangled Banner" had better watch out. They may find an amendment to the Constitution in effect some day, and be raided the same evening for possessing copies of the prohibited song. All that "The Star Spangled Banner" has back of it is custom and the Army and Navy.

Keeping the foregoing point in mind, let's admit Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson to the discussion. She is one of the leaders of the opposition and has signed her

name to large advertisements in the newspapers in which she states her objections to our unlegalized national anthem.

"The spiritual ideals upon which this nation was based," said Mrs. Stetson in one of her advertisements, "through its discoverer, the Norseman, Leif Ericson, in the year 1000; through its founder, George Washington, in 1776, and through its preserver, Abraham Lincoln in 1865—these spiritual ideals can never be voiced through a song whose music was not written by an American, but was borrowed from a ribald, sensual drinking song, 'To Anacreon in Heaven,' and whose words express vicious hatred to our national brother and Anglo-Saxon comrade, Britain. 'Shall we,' inquires Mrs. Stetson, 'shout in violent, unsingable cadences, of 'the rocket's red glare, bombs bursting in air' and refer today to our democratic partner in Anglo-Saxondom, Great Britain, as 'the foe's haughty host' which 'in dread silence reposes'?"

Well, shall we? Mrs. Stetson thinks not.

"From the pages of America's historic record, 'The Star Spangled Banner' is today being erased by fiat of God," she concludes her rhetorical bombardment. "In its place will be revealed America's true national anthem, written and composed by Americans, penned by Christly inspiration and illumined with spiritual light."

The objections to our anthem seem to be then: (1) That the words are too boastful, breed hatred of England and threaten Anglo-Saxon unity; (2) that the tune has been borrowed from a "ribald, sensual English drinking song, 'To Anacreon in Heaven'"; (3) that the tune should be repudiated because it was not written by an American; (4) that it is difficult to sing.

There is, as Mrs. Stetson points out, evidence of local pride in Key's words; a certain quality of exultation. Perhaps in this golden age of amity among nations it is time to disarm our national anthem; such a move, however, will require another four-power conference. Can we scrap "The Star Spangled Banner" while Great Britain is armed with "Britannia Rules the Waves" and "God Save the King"?

When Francis Scott Key wrote the words of "The Star Spangled Banner" in 1814, England was our enemy. A British fleet and a British army combined to burn the Capitol at Washing-

ton. British redcoats sat on the desks of the Senate and House chambers, and then moved on to Baltimore to attempt to destroy that city. They were repulsed by American troops and the batteries of Fort McHenry, and the repulse was witnessed by Key from a vessel anchored off the fort. Throughout the night of September 13, 1814, he watched the British ships and the fort

sight of the flag still flying at dawn renewed his inspiration, and the words, as we know them, were finished in a Baltimore hotel after the British had retreated. Handbills and newspapers spread the verses, and to the tune of "To Anacreon in Heaven" they were sung into popularity by the American troops stationed in Baltimore. One of these soldiers was Ferdinand Durang, an actor in times of peace, and it is generally believed that he was the first to sing professionally "The Star Spangled Banner." The historians dispute the time and place of singing, but only historians will get excited about that.

It does seem certain that the words were meant to be sung to the tune of "To Anacreon in Heaven." This was an old English drinking song, the alma mater, so to speak, of the Anacreontic Society, which met in London at the London Coffee House and later at the Crown and Anchor Tavern. The song was composed about 1770, words by Ralph Tomlinson and music by John Stafford Smith, and it was sung whenever the Anacreontic foregathered. Just why a song of such an involved meter should become popular is difficult to imagine; but wide popularity did certainly await it. It reached America by way of Savannah, Georgia, and in 1798 Thomas Paine used the tune for the words of his campaign song, "Adams and Liberty." Other parodists seized upon it, and sixteen years later Key, who had no ear for music, was yet familiar enough with the tortuous meter to be able to fit the words of "The Star Spangled Banner" more smoothly to the tune than the words of the original piece.

Mrs. Stetson says that "To Anacreon in Heaven" is a "ribald, sensual English drinking song." The tune is English, no doubt about that; whether it is ribald and sensual I shall leave it to my readers to judge. The

first stanza of the Anacreon song is given in the illustration on the preceding page—by vote of six disinterested persons it is also the wickedest stanza. Read it and form your own judgment.

Mrs. Stetson refers to the "unsingable cadences." Well, if they are not exactly unsingable, they are most assuredly hard to sing. On that point she has my support, and, I suspect, the support of the majority of the population.

In spite of these several objections, (Continued on page 23)

A Call to Arms

For National Education Week, December 3d to 9th

UPON the walls of our majestic Congressional Library at Washington is written this sentence:

"The foundation of every state is the education of its youth." I do not know whose lips first uttered or whose pen first traced these words, but long before the foundations of that great structure were laid, patriotic men and women seeking a barrier against ignorance and a bulwark against anarchy wrote into the Constitutions of our several States and made provision for the education of the youth of America.

Our forefathers were far-sighted and years ago—yes, a century and more—realized the necessity for the education of the masses of our people. We Americans have long boasted of our enlightenment and we have made tremendous strides in the field of science, of art and of industry. But in the most essential work of all we have been negligent. We have been dilatory in making education the first step for a more advanced race of people. Illiteracy is the curse of America today. Ignorance and illiteracy are the cause of the woes and misery of the world. Men engage in personal difficulties because of misunderstandings. Nations, as collections of individuals, engage in war because of misunderstandings also.

The American Legion enjoys the opportunity to champion the cause of education for the masses of the American people. We urge upon every man, woman and child the coming together at our schoolhouses and counseling with one another for the moulding and turning out of a better and a more intelligent citizenship.

Education for patriotic citizenship must be the first consideration of the leaders of American thought for the next generation. Let us wipe illiteracy off the face of the American continent. Why shouldn't we sweep it off the face of the earth? It can be destroyed within the next few years in the United States. The Legion pledges its best efforts; we call upon every patriotic citizen to join in this commendable undertaking. I am grateful to the score and more of patriotic organizations that are so highly consecrated to this great ideal.

ALVIN OWSLEY,
National Commander.

exchange shots, and he could only determine how the battle was going by watching the Stars and Stripes that waved in the smoke of battle above Fort McHenry. The bombardment ceased before morning, and as it was then too dark to distinguish the flag, Key could only wait for daylight to determine the outcome.

By the dawn's early light, as we know, the flag was still there.

Key had composed some of the verses during the night, scrawling them on the back of an old envelope. The

Foster Fathers

"MR. CHAIRMAN, I move that our post take charge of a troop of Boy Scouts."

That started a pretty heavy discussion.

One bird piped up, "Aw, what's the use of the scouts, anyhow?"

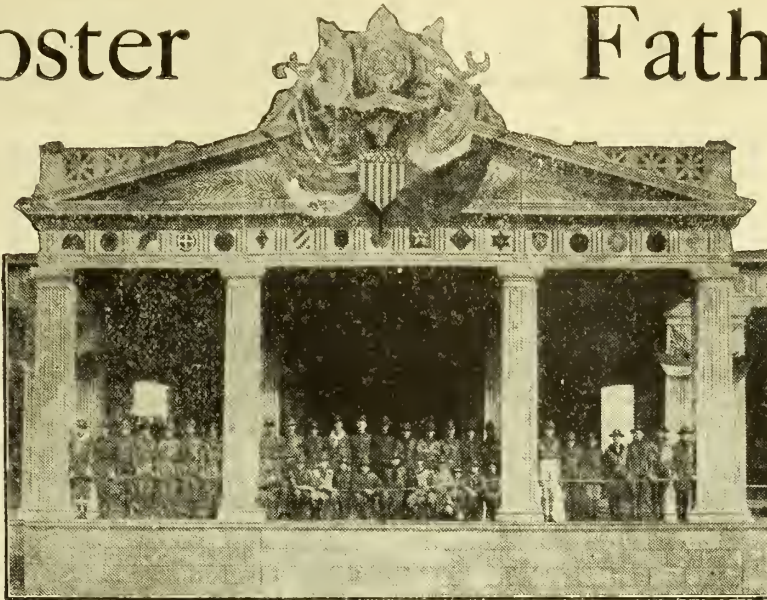
The post commander, an active and enthusiastic scoutmaster, let him have it with both barrels. "What's the use? What's the use of voting? What's the use of joining the Army in wartime? What's the use of doing anything for our country? Let me tell you that the Boy Scouts is the best scheme ever cooked up for making real American citizens out of the boys of today." He went on in some detail, showing how the scout movement worked and just what it had done for boys of his own troop. That settled the question of "what's the use."

Then another rear-guard Legionnaire pulled himself to his feet and unburdened himself of the cosmic utterance, "Yeah, that's all right, but why should the post bother with the kids? I thought the Legion was for the benefit of ex-service men."

Three men jumped up. The chairman recognized one of them, who said, "Unless I'm mistaken there's something in the Legion Constitution about doing the best we can for the country we fought for. If we Legionnaires are just going to work for all we can get, that's one thing. On the other hand if we're going to do our darnedest to build the country, that's another thing. Personally, I'm for the latter idea. Our post hasn't done much in the service line yet, so I'm strong for this scout troop idea. What do you say?"

A chorus of yeas and yo's and you-said-its answered him.

That settled it, more or less, except for the question of ways and means. Some of the men wanted to take over a troop that was already in existence and just sort of keep an eye on it. Others thought that if the post was going to tackle the job it ought to go the



Scouts representing forty of the best troops in Kansas City, who served as an escort to the distinguished visitors, a staff of aides to the chief of police and as ushers in the reviewing stand at the Third National Convention of the Legion in 1921

Where Legionnaires Adopt Scouts, Where the Two Organizations Join Hands, the Chances Are that the Boys Will Grow to Be the Right Sort of Men

By Atwood H. Townsend

whole hog and start a new troop.

One of the men claimed the floor then, and, pulling a copy of The American Legion Weekly from his pocket, said, "Here's what Past National Commander MacNider says on the subject. 'If every Legion post could adopt as its own a troop of scouts, preferably made up of lads who would have a hard

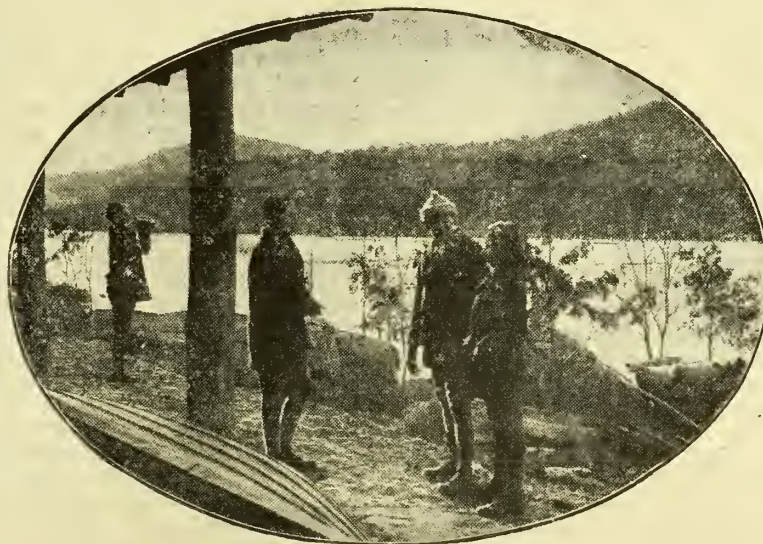
Now there are more than twenty boys on the roll, and half of them have passed their tenderfoot test and qualified as full-fledged scouts.

Maybe the foregoing sounds too good to be true. If so, here are the facts on which it was based, contained in a report from Adjutant A. P. Watson, of Travis Post, Austin, Texas:

We decided in open meeting that our post should sponsor a troop. We debated whether to take over a troop already organized or to organize a complete new bunch of boys. We voted almost unanimously to get new boys, preferably "tough kids," as one fellow put it, and boys who wanted to be led by he men.

The organization was put in the hands of the executive committee, which body selected the scoutmaster and assistant scoutmasters. Each member of the executive committee, which had now also become the troop committee, agreed to bring in one boy, and we set the following Friday as meeting night.

My recollection is that we had about fourteen boys the first night, which
(Cont'd on page 25)



The activities of Boy Scouts know no season. Like the Legionnaires who are taking more and more interest in them, the Scouts are an outdoor gang

EDITORIAL

The Legion and Labor

No matter where in the line of human progress, justice and freedom The American Legion may march and lead, the American organized workers will gladly follow.—*Samuel Gompers, addressing the Fourth National Convention of The American Legion at New Orleans.*

IT would be merely ludicrous if it were not also irritating that such newspapers as the *New York Commercial* and the *New York Journal of Commerce* have professed to see in the speech of Samuel Gompers at New Orleans the seal to a pact of alliance between the American Federation of Labor and The American Legion.

To anyone familiar with the Legion's Constitution and its oft-repeated declarations of policy, any such assumption is preposterous and needs no refutation. It is surprising, however, that newspapers which have every facility for knowing the real facts should hail a mere formal and friendly greeting by Mr. Gompers as proof that a dangerous coalition has been established—the Legion and labor banded for the accomplishment of a mutually selfish program.

In the first place, even assuming that any leadership within the Legion desired to effect a selfish alliance with labor, the realization of any such desire would be impossible. The Legion has within it too many elements to permit the adoption of any such policy of partisanship. The organization recognized from its beginning that it must practice the strictest neutrality as between capital and labor as those groups are commonly conceived. It could not, in justice to itself, align itself with a chamber of commerce fighting for the open shop. Neither could it lend its support to a strike.

There are posts of The American Legion in mining districts composed entirely of union miners. There are posts of the Legion in farming districts composed entirely of farmers. There are posts in manufacturing towns composed entirely of men who work at lathes and drilling machines. There are other posts composed entirely of business executives, lawyers, doctors and other professional men. Admittedly, of course, there are in the Legion some members hostile to organized labor and others extremely partial to it. Human likes and prejudices are what they are and the Legion does not dictate to its members what they shall believe or feel. But it is overwhelmingly true—and this is the important point—that neither faction can commit the Legion as a whole to any partisan policy in regard to either labor or capital.

An analogous situation exists in our Government. There are Congressmen who are members of labor unions and strongly espouse unionism's cause. Other members of Congress are millionaire manufacturers and advocate the open shop. Yet neither side is able to commit the Government as a whole to laws forcing the open shop or the closed shop upon the nation.

We defy anyone to take honest exception to Mr. Gompers's statement at New Orleans. The Legion as a great composite group, representative of men in every walk of life, has among its aims certainly human progress, justice and freedom, and a declaration such as that quoted above could have come with equal propriety from the head of the organized chambers of commerce of the country.

In fact, in its Americanism activities The American Legion is daily receiving notable support from other organizations—Rotary clubs, Kiwanis clubs, the National Education Association, the Elks, to mention only a few. And the Legion is wholeheartedly glad that labor, as well as chambers of commerce, is joining it more and more in the common work for better citizenship and better Americanism.

It should be understood that the Legion neither asks nor expects that any organization joining with it in a specific endeavor thereby subscribes its support to the Legion's entire program. Nor does the Legion, in lending its support to any other organization to accomplish a given result, thereby indorse all that that other organization stands for.

If Legion posts in Atlanta or any other city perfect a working arrangement with trade federation bodies for the attainment of objectives of better Americanism, in a program compatible with the Legion's strict policy of neutrality as between capital and labor, who may honestly object? And who would raise the cry of discrimination simply because a Legion post found itself working in alliance with a chamber of commerce to obtain better schools?

The American Legion's policy toward labor and capital is already traditional. The Legion as an organization will take no part in any dispute between the employer and the employe, between capital and labor. But The American Legion would no more think of decreeing that its members shall be pro-labor or pro-capital than it would think of making them all Democrats or all Republicans. Each Legionnaire is free to decide according to his own conscience whether he will participate as an individual on either side in an industrial controversy. Because the Legion is neutral in industrial disputes, however, it is not necessarily hostile to either capital or labor in the relationships of everyday life. In its work for better citizenship, higher Americanism, it welcomes the support of any organization which will join with it.

The National Anthem

NEITHER "The Star Spangled Banner" nor any other song is our national anthem, as Mr. Whitney makes clear in an article in this issue. Neither, for that matter, is Christmas a national holiday, yet three weeks from next Monday not many of us will trouble to set the alarm clock for seven a.m. There is something as powerful as official pronouncement and legislative enactment, and its name is tradition. Behind "The Star Spangled Banner" is the tradition of a century. To replace it at this date would require an enormous impetus. The war with Germany might have proved such an impetus if anyone had come forward with another song. Nobody did.

As to the "insults" to Great Britain which some persons are expert enough to read into the words as Key wrote them, the best rebuttal is that not one American in a hundred knows the whole poem anyway. "Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution." That is probably the most insulting line—how many of us can recite from memory the rest of that stanza? It is the stanza, you will recall, which is usually sung "Tum-ti-tum-tum-tum-tah" unless someone has kindly printed the words in the program.

Least weighty of the arguments against Key's inspiring anthem is the plea that the original air was a horrid old English drinking song. That, in the minds of most of us, is one of the glories of "The Star Spangled Banner." It would have been even better if the Anacreon song had been a ribald anti-American tirade. Is not "Yankee Doodle" a better song for the reason that it was originally a British jibe at the raw rookies of Washington's army, and that that same army picked it up and converted it to its own use? "John Brown's Body" lent its rugged air to make the surge and swell of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"—certainly a worthy second choice for a national anthem, and already, in fact, in favor in many quarters as our first song.

Francis Scott Key wrote for posterity. Posterity was doubtless far from his mind at the time; nevertheless he indited on the back of an old envelope the finest example of patriotic fervor that a growing America had up to that time produced. And America full-grown is apparently glad to accord him the honor that is his due, and to take his song to her heart.

"There are things of the heart and mind that set off America from all other nations; these things we simply call Americanism. Concerning these our creed is concise and definite."

—From Commander Owsley's keynote speech at Washington.

The Legion and the Nation

National Commander Alvin Owsley in His Keynote Speech Outlines the Problems and Issues Confronting the Service Men of America

THIS day has been set apart by our ancestors for a very definite and excellent purpose. It has been set apart as the Day for the Giving of Thanks, and thus it has been observed for three hundred years. It is the oldest of American holidays; it was first observed by less than a hundred settlers struggling in a wilderness; today it is observed by a hundred million people established across a continent. This is the measure of the nation's growth. Twelve generations have dreamed and toiled and fought to bring the Republic to this eminence.

American citizens, workmen of liberty, inheritors of the high endeavor of three hundred years, I address myself to you. Yours is the privilege of citizenship in this great republic, and yours the opportunity of taking active part in the progress of a mighty people. Nor is this any small privilege, or an honor lightly to be esteemed; it is a high distinction rather, and an opportunity. It has not been long since the storm of a great war struck the spinning world, shattered its best establishments, and brought confusion into the minds of men. Today great powers lie prostrate, and whole peoples and populations are wandering in the darkness. Yet our America endured the storm, her strong abiding institutions emerged unaltered. Her sons and daughters go peacefully about the ordering of their lives today. Let us be thankful then for this great country of our own—peaceful and prosperous America, mother of cities and of true men and women.

American Legionnaires, fighters and builders, men facing forward, I address myself to you. It is you who make up the membership of no mean organization, an organization not least among all those that go to the making of this great America of ours. Not least indeed, but rather first and foremost of them all; conceived in a season of splendor and sacrifice, and consecrated to the service of the nation; this is The American Legion, and it is worthy of our loyalty.

We of the Legion share together the memories of heroic trials, and struggles that left a mark upon our hearts. In that hard service we came upon comradeship; for not till men march and sacrifice together do they come to a true

appreciation of each other's worth. Through rough endeavor we won that spirit of service and comradeship, and having won it we shall never give it up; we know its value now.

We know its value; and therefore there can be no forgetfulness, for us, of certain men who suffer. There are near thirty thousand of these men, our comrades. Five years ago they were erect and strong, lively and hopeful; with their lives just opening into the

nearest and dearest in their struggle against poverty. Why, it catches at the heart to think of the little children of the disabled, hungry perhaps and ragged here in rich America. It is a heavy cross that the sick and wounded of the war have been given to bear.

Here was a service of comradeship ready to our hand; and we of the Legion may well be proud and thankful that we have not been slow in that service. We have drafted and revised

the legislation for the disabled and brought it into efficiency, and we have stood guard to see that this legislation was carried out in actual fact to the last full measure of its good intent. For four years we have guarded and forwarded the interests of the broken veterans of the great war; and we shall maintain this vigilance for forty years if need be, till all that can be done for those men be accomplished, and the nation's debt to the disabled be paid in full.

The Legion asks for no charity for the disabled; the Legion calls for justice, that is all. We call upon the nation to be mindful of its duty to its own. Today there is great suffering overseas, just as there has been since the war began. Hatred and cruelty have worked their will upon unfortunate millions in the troubled East; there have

been famine and plagues, and humanity has fallen under misrule and anarchy. These distant peoples have cried sharply to America for help; and help from America has come to them beyond all measure. We have sent them bread and gold and all assistance in our power. At the peril of their own lives, our devoted agents of relief have established themselves in all these wasted lands, and the charity of America has brought whole populations out of disaster. This is a good work, a noble work, a work deserving of all praise. Yet in admiring it I cannot quite forget those thirty thousand of our own, those broken comrades who now, this month, this Thanksgiving season, are facing their fifth year of suffering. And this thought comes to me: Out of the millions that we send continually overseas for the saving of tribes that we know little of, if this flood of gold for one day only were diverted to the aid of the men disabled

(Continued on page 20).

ON Thanksgiving Day National Commander Alvin Owsley spoke in Washington, D. C., and his words were heard far across the continent. His declarations of The American Legion's keynote policies were transported on wires from the room where he faced a Legion audience to the government wireless station at Arlington, Virginia, whence they were flung vibrant into space from the antennae of the radio towers. Thousands of Legionnaires and non-Legionnaires, north and south and east and west of Arlington, many of them hundreds of miles from Washington, heard the Commander's words as he defined the Legion's attitude toward such problems as the care of the disabled, immigration, child labor, the national defense policy, international peace, war-time profiteering, adjustment of compensation and the preservation of the Constitution and the functions of the Supreme Court.

years of labor and achievement. Boys of America, with eager eyes, they put on the uniform and went out in the service of the Republic. Mothers, wives and sweethearts awaited their coming back.

They did come back, those beloved and pitiful thirty thousand boys. They came back blinded, or with their bodies shattered, or with their minds shadowed by strange horrors; they were brought back silently, with the hope of their lives put out. There were no bugles at the stations to welcome these men coming home. They were shifted from beds of pain to other painful beds, or they were brought unhappy into sorrowful homes.

It must be hard to sit helpless in the chair of an invalid and watch the world go by and all your dreams depart. It is hard to lie alone in bed and watch the four walls of a ward in hospital, while thinking of what might have been. It is hardest of all to nurse your scars in silence, powerless to help your

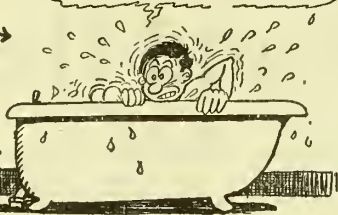
Continued on Warm Saturday Nights Only

By Wallgren

MOVIE OF A BUDDIE CONTINUING THE COLD BATHS HE'S BEEN TAKING ALL SUMMER & INTENDS TAKING ALL THRU THE WINTER.

FIRST REAL COLD MORNING →
— STAYS IN ALMOST TWO MINUTES

BRRR- WOW!! IF I KEEP THIS UP ALL WINTER I'LL BE DOIN' GOOD



SECOND REAL COLD MORNING →
— PLUNGES IN AFTER DUE DELIBERATION AND STAYS EXACTLY TWO SECONDS

WOOF!!
ICE WATER
BRRR-R!!



THIRD REAL → COLD MORNING

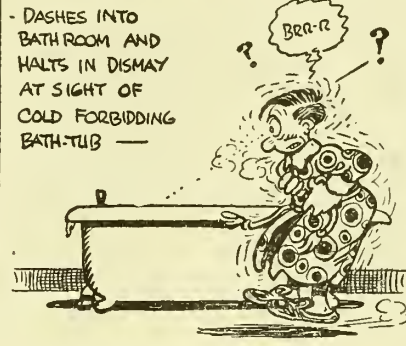
BRRRR! IT'S WINTER!!

HOPS OUT OF WARM BED AND LOSES NO TIME CLOSING WINDOWS TO SHUT OUT FREEZING AIR —



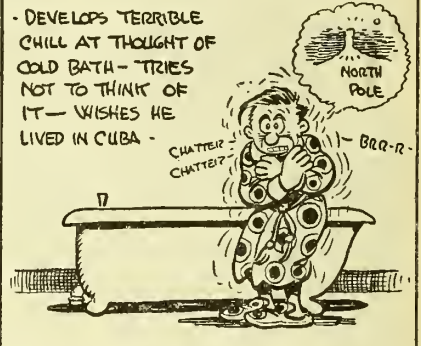
— DASHES INTO BATHROOM AND HALTS IN DISMAY AT SIGHT OF COLD FORBIDDING BATH-TUB —

BRR-R ? ?



— DEVELOPS TERRIBLE CHILL AT THOUGHT OF COLD BATH — TRIES NOT TO THINK OF IT — WISHES HE LIVED IN CUBA —

CHATTER CHATTER? — BRR-R — NORTH POLE

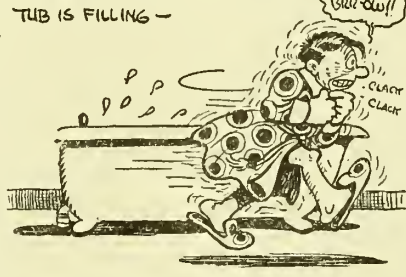


— TURNS SPIGOT, HOPING PIPES ARE FROZEN SOLID — NO LUCK — DECIDES IT CAN'T DO ANY HARM TO FILL TUB ANYWAY —



— SUFFERS SECOND SPASMODIC CHILL AT SIGHT OF COLD WATER — DASHES BACK TO BED TO KEEP WARM WHILE TUB IS FILLING —

BRR-OW!!



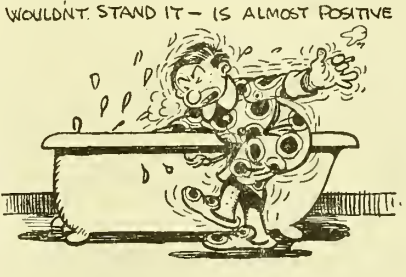
— RECALLS MID-WINTER BATHS OUTDOORS IN A.E.F. — TRIES TO PERSUADE SELF THAT WATER WILL BE WARM — NO SUCCESS — WISHES IT WAS SUMMER —



— RUNNING WATER HAS OMINOUS SOUND — LIGHTS CIGARETTE TO REGAIN COMPOSURE & STALL FOR TIME —



— SHUTS OFF WATER AND TESTS IT WITH HAND — IT'S COLDER THAN HE THOUGHT — IS ABOUT CONVINCED THAT HIS HEART WOULDN'T STAND IT — IS ALMOST POSITIVE



— REMEMBERS HEARING OF PERSONS BEING FOUND DEAD IN BATHTUB FROM SHOCK — MIGHT DEVELOP PNEUMONIA "OR SUMPIN'"



KNOWS IF HE QUITS NOW HE'S THRU — ANYWAY HE'S NO COWARD — TRIES EFFECT OF STICKING ONE FOOT IN — BRRR-R

NBODY'LL NEVER KNOW THE DIFFERENCE WHETHER I TAKE IT OR NOT!!

WOW!!



— WELCOMES SLIGHTEST OPPORTUNITY TO ESCAPE TORTURE —

HURRY BUCK, OR YOU'LL BE LATE — BREAKFAST IS READY!!

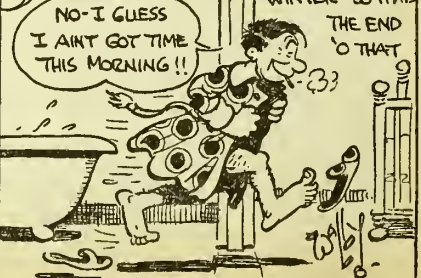
HUH? WHOT TY MIZZIT? AINT I GOT TIME TO TAKE ME BATH?



LAN'SAKES-AINT YOU HAD YOUR BATH YET?!!

NO-I GUESS I AINT GOT TIME THIS MORNING!!

— NOT ANY OTHER MORNING THIS WINTER — SO THAT'S THE END O' THAT



Keeping Step With the Legion



Our Own Santa Claus

The American Legion Weekly,
New York City.

Gentlemen:

It is my desire to express my sincere appreciation of kind remembrances extended to me by The American Legion at Christmastime. I am taking sanitarium treatment for pulmonary tuberculosis—a result of long sickness and exposure while in the service. Being a long distance from relatives and friends, I was alone on Christmas Day. But The American Legion did not only wish me a merry Christmas, as other organizations did, but came to my bedside and actually made my Christmas merry, with an abundance of useful Christmas gifts.

Respectfully,

MARK A. CONNOR.

Muirdale Sanitarium, Wauwatosa, Wis.
December 28th, 1921.

THE above letter is genuine. Undoubtedly a number of Legionnaires at Wauwatosa remember, or know, Mark A. Connor, whom they visited last year. His letter is printed because it is a timely bit of information; it forecasts what will happen again this year, what The American Legion will do to lift some measure of burden from the fellows who are still fighting the war. Mark Connor wanted The American Legion Weekly to print the letter last year. He wanted the Legion to know he was grateful.

The editors of The American Legion Weekly expect a lot of similar letters toward the end of this year. They will come in from all over the country. Because the Legion's Christmas program is not the kind of program that is invented every year and discarded the next year. It is permanent.

Wherefore, we print some more facts about Christmas, 1921.

"Let us make this Christmas Day a starting point in our personal service to those broken and sick of our comrades for whom the war will never end," declared Hanford MacNider in his Christmas message to the Legion.

This year, National Commander Alvin Owlsey is doing exactly the same kind of thinking, and he wants Christmas to be merrier than ever for men the Legion can help. Last year the Legion took it upon itself to find thousands of jobs as Christmas gifts to unemployed veterans. The need for this kind of service happily is less urgent, but it will go on just the same, and the service to the disabled never ends.

On December 19th, a year ago, Legionnaires and members of the Auxiliary in Stoughton, Massachusetts, started their Christmas work. They gave a turkey

supper to 105 disabled veterans from the East Norfolk Hospital. Besides members of the Stoughton post and its Auxiliary unit, fathers of post members contributed to the banquet. About four hundred guests sat down to a supper in the town hall. Forty-two automobiles were contributed to transport the disabled men. Members of the Auxiliary prepared the supper. A local orchestra furnished the music. Professional entertainers from Boston and Brockton did their stuff.

A few days later veterans at the United States Public Health Service Hospital in Lake City, Florida, began to bless the Legion. Midnight, Christmas Eve, found the Legion club at Lake City badly littered up. A tired committee was viewing 105 bags, each containing cigarettes, tobacco, matches and fruit. Stacked along the wall were 105 boxes containing candy, nuts, chewing gum and handkerchiefs. And each box also had some special, distinctive gift for the man whose name it bore. Christmas Day those boxes and bags were gathered together, placed around a small holly tree, and conveyed to the hospital. The patients were told to fall in chow-line style. Each man who could fall in got his gift right there. The Legion committee made the rounds of the bedridden to make the gifts and to see if there was anything else possible to do.

Consider Oklahoma: On Christmas Day, 1921, every sick and disabled veteran in the State was visited by at least one member of The American Legion. Men in hospitals at Norman, Vinita, Oklahoma City and Guthrie

were especially remembered with gifts of Christmas dainties, books and smokes.

Consider Washington: On Christmas Day Legion trucks drew up in front of the veteran hospitals at Port Townsend and Tacoma and delivered tons of gifts. A tree, decorated and loaded with presents, was placed in every ward of Providence Hospital at Seattle. Not a hospital in the State was overlooked by the Legion.

Consider Milbank, South Dakota: Members of the Auxiliary Unit to Ernest C. Birch Post of Milbank distributed 1,440 cookies—120 dozen—to disabled men of the vicinity. Consider what Central (Bearcat) Post of Minneapolis did. It distributed 150 baskets of food to needy veterans whose names were listed at employment bureaus.

Consider Thomas Hopkins Post of Wichita, Kansas: The post treasury was not quite equal to the Christmas necessities of hospitalized veterans of the neighborhood, so members of the post and members of the Auxiliary unit asked aid from business men. They got over \$300. They got substantial reductions in whatever goods they wanted to buy. And they bought a Christmas basket full of Christmas gifts for every veteran in every hospital roundabout.

These are just a few things to consider, but not all. Anybody who knows the Legion knows that Christmas is the big day for showing the kind of spirit of co-operation and helpfulness of which the Legion is built. The Weekly's files are loaded with instances of Legion benefit to disabled veterans. Yet in not one clipping, not one letter, is there the slightest hint that any Legion post or member ever took part in a Christmas-giving spree with the slightest thought of paternalism, or the least idea that he was doing anything that was not in line of duty. The Legion helped the disabled because the disabled rated help, and good cheer, and comfort—and of all things, friendship.

And before we close, let's add three more Christmas items that have come to our ken:

1. East Side Post, St. Paul, Minnesota, staged a Christmas party to 587 children of destitute parents in the neighborhood. It was a neighborhood almost purely Scandinavian by birth or descent. The party made a pile of good Americans out of people who had begun to think that perhaps Soviet Russia wouldn't be so bad.

2. Arley B. Lawrence Post of Johnston City, Illinois, roped off a city block and gave a party for eighty-seven needy children. The children got presents for themselves and took home canned goods and clothing.

3. Detroit Legionnaires went into the country, cut down Christmas trees, and sold them to help out the children of needy veterans.

Legion Calendar

Education Week

December 3d, the opening day of the week, may be the day when you read this, but it will not be too late to furnish *your* contribution to the promotion of better education in America.

Christmas

December 25th is a day when most men expect the utmost in happiness. The good cheer that is every disabled veteran's due on that day will be his; the Legion is here to make sure of it.

The New Year

Begins—precisely—on January 1st. Will your post be able to pay its department and national taxes for every member on that date? It is possible. It should be imperative.

A Leader of Women

A Glimpse Into the Life of Dr. Kate Waller Barrett, National President, The American Legion Auxiliary

By Bulkeley S. Griffin

EVEN if she had not voiced her warm admiration of Theodore Roosevelt one would have thought of that vital, many-sided American when talking with Dr. Kate Waller Barrett, new president of The American Legion Auxiliary. The resemblance would have been evoked by the imposing variety of her interests, the alertness and vigor of her mind, and by her high and comprehensive record of performance in a busy life.

Glimpse a white-haired woman of about sixty clothed in a simple, unadorned dress of some black material; a face that bears distinction and strength, but withal a feminine face whose clean-cut force and attraction have not been lost by years. She is a little over average height and finely built, with an abiding robustness of health that had to be for her strenuous life that, today, is far from abating its constant activity.

Like Theodore Roosevelt, Kate Waller Barrett is difficult to pigeonhole. She is so capable, so clearly a leader and yet so motherly. She is so unparochial and has taken so much from life.

Consider these facts:

After Dr. Barrett had borne five children she decided to know something about medicine, went to the Medical College of Georgia and won her degree, going to the dissecting rooms for their harsh and unfeminine labors after putting her children to bed each evening. She was the valedictorian of her class.

She has taken, at one time or another, all of her children and all but one of her sisters on a trip abroad. She is an almost continual traveler. Last year, it developed, she had "been down to South America."

Enlisted for nearly forty years in the task of ministering to unfortunate and delinquent girls, she was called by Mr. Roosevelt "one of the most useful women in the United States."

Taking a visitor through her house, filled with rare old furniture and absorbing relics of war and peace, she may casually mention that, "this rug I got in Turkey"; "these chairs were given me by the Japanese and Chinese delegations at the San Francisco convention"; "this was given me by some ladies in Florence"; "this Buddha came from a Chinese turned Christian"; "these helmets and things I picked up myself from the trenches near Château-Thierry"; and so on, bringing the ends of the world to the quiet home on Duke Street, Alexandria, Virginia, and affording a faint measure of the amazing character who moves in it.

Her home is not many miles from the family farm on the banks of the Potomac, land which came to the family through the original grant from Charles II of England. She is of fight-

ing stock which arrived with Captain John Smith. In Stafford County, where she was born, the eldest of eight daughters, twenty-two Wallers fought in the Revolution; her father, a lawyer, was on General Lee's staff in the Civil War, in which many of her relatives fought for the South, and which made refugees of the family.

A Southerner and an aristocrat. Yes, if you will. Yet this is the woman who abominates the word "aristocrat" unless employed in the phrase "the aristocracy of democracy"; who, during the war, went into the camps and talked with scores of thousands of soldiers in a manner that won their interest and their love; who insisted on and effected over narrow opposition the establishment of an enlisted men's club, one of the largest in the land, in the exclusive

northwest section of Washington; who went to Europe after the Armistice as official visitor for the Marine Corps, as official investigator for the Department of Labor on the deportation situation, and as one of the five delegates from the United States to the Women's Peace Conference at Zurich. She traveled on transports both ways, the only women, she and her traveling companion, a nurse assigned her by the War Department, among thousands of men.

She gave one son, one daughter, two grandsons and two son-in-laws to service in the World War. Here is the record:

Major Charles D. Barrett, who has been a dozen years in the Marine Corps, served through the war. For six months he was chief of staff of General Neville at Coblenz. Her two other sons were rejected because of physical disability. One of these, Robert Barrett, was sent to South America on a government mission. Two of his sons went to Plattsburg during the war.

One daughter, Mrs. Charles Pozor of Montreal, whose husband enlisted with the Canadians as a private and rose to major, entered the Canadian Army as a mechanic and established ambulance units in Liverpool and other English cities. She became one of Canada's two women sergeants. Another daughter, Mrs. Rathbone Smith of Edmington, Canada, whose husband served with the Canadians as captain, was war president of the Alberta Branch of the Daughters of the Empire.

Honors and offices? Yes, Dr. Barrett has acquired a long and lofty line of them. A few may be briefed thus: National president, National Florence Crittenton Mission in Washington; delegate to conference for care of delinquent children called by Roosevelt in 1909; former president and honorary president for life, National Council of Women; delegate, International Council of Women, 1900, 1903, 1909, 1913; special representative of this Government in 1914 to investigate conditions in Europe surrounding alien women; special government representative, San Francisco and San Diego expositions; National President, National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teachers' Associations, and head of its wartime commission to look after welfare and comfort of soldiers; state regent, Virginia D. A. R., 1918-1922.

This is the skeleton outline of a career that challenges compare. Words are rather pale in depicting this alive, remarkable American woman who dislikes to talk of aught but the future. Maybe some biographer will arrive who can adequately portray Theodore Roosevelt; then that person can tackle an equally hard assignment and write of Kate Waller Barrett.



Dr. Barrett, from a photograph taken immediately after her election by the Second National Convention of the Auxiliary at New Orleans



CANTON POST, CANTON, CHINA. Though but recently organized the post is fitting up clubrooms for the use of all United States sailors stationed in Canton or who make that port.

ALLAN WOODRING, LEGIONNAIRE, SYRACUSE, N. Y. At the athletic meet held in conjunction with the Department of New York Convention, Woodring beat a race horse in a 75-yard race. Won by a foot; time: 7 1-5 seconds.

THE KIWANIS CLUB, PROVIDENCE, R. I. To help the finances of the local Legion post, the United States Marine Band was brought to Providence for two concerts under the auspices of the Kiwanians. Every week for two years Kiwanians have furnished automobile transportation for the visiting committees of the Auxiliary to the hospitals where ex-service men are located.

ORANGE POST OF ORANGE, MASSACHUSETTS. Its regularly appointed firing squad, which represents the post on all official occasions, probably holds the record for combat service. Of the eight members of the firing squad, seven are entitled to wear five major engagement battle clasps on their Victory Medals. This same honor is held by one of the color bearers of the post.

THE AMERICAN LEGION AUXILIARY, DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA. One of the features at the recent convention was the Gold Chevron Shop. This shop, prominently located in the hotel used as Auxiliary Convention Headquarters, was provided for the display and sale of articles made by disabled veterans who live in the State and those in local government hospitals.



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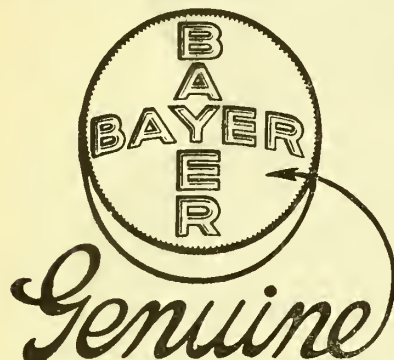


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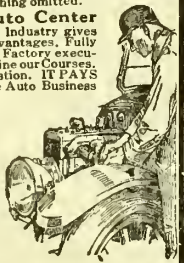
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A Belt Line

"You don't mean to say as you really 'auled off an' struck 'is Ludship!" exclaimed the pug in the pub over his mug of arf-and-arf.

"S'welp me!" retorted the private boxing instructor. "'Ho!' says I, swackin' 'im on 'is bloomin' nozzle, 'tyke that for a belted earl!'"

Too Cheap

Newly-rich Frau: "Heinrich, I simply won't have the new garage papered with marks—it looks so plebeian."

Heading the List

He had just enlisted in the Navy and, conscious of the fascination of his nice new uniform, was improving his last hours ashore by making frantic love. A regular sheik was he.

"But do you swear that I'm the only girl you love?" she demurred, not quite convinced. "You know they say a sailor has a sweetheart in every port."

"Don't you believe that, kid," he replied earnestly. "Why, I haven't been on my first cruise yet."

An Extract

The town of Scarlet Gulch, though only a mushroom mining center, cherished an ambition to be known as more sophisticated than New York and more prosperous than a Hollywood movie star. Accordingly, one day the following item appeared in the *Weekly Hullabaloo*:

"Our old friend Bill Weed came down off his claim in the hills the other day with two suitcases full of gold nuggets. Bill sat down on the hotel steps and when he looked up he saw a stranger beating it off with his suitcases. Bill took another puff at his seegar and said:

"Oh, hell, let him go. My feet's sore."

Military Toilet Set

A colored doughboy incautiously peeked over the edge of a front line trench. A sniper let fly, the bullet drilling the helmet and leaving a smoking trail in his wool.

"Woof!" remarked his buddy in awe.

"Dey suttinly panted yo' hair dat time."

"Sho' did," agreed the near-casualty, regaining his place with alacrity. "An' dis boy am gwine stay sot befo' dey staht cleanin' his teeth."

Moral Lesson

He had just come out of the civil ministry to become chaplain of the regiment and was determined that, so far as he was concerned, day by day in every way the Army should grow better and better. One day he came across a group of men on their knees on the parade grounds.

"What are you doing, boys?" he inquired pleasantly.

"Shootin' craps," answered a voice.

"The idea!" exclaimed the new chaplain indignantly. "Don't you know that life is as precious to the little craps as to anything else?"

Needed Doctoring

For a couple of hours the rural railroad train had been bumping along, stopping mysteriously every now and then and making the hardest kind of going. Finally there was a delay of almost an hour, after which the conductor walked through the smoker, casting furtive glances at the exasperated passengers. He at last selected the best-natured appearing man among them, leaned down and whispered:

"Say, have you got a piece of string? We want to fix the engine."

Suggestions of a Doughboy

*Being the
Suggestions of a Doughboy on the Manner
of Conducting the Next War, Together with
Certain Reflections on the Conduct of the
Last One*

41. That in the next free-for-all brawl, the Secretaries of the Army and Navy put the verboten and double-kibosh with bells on the word "rate." Thus the gob or doughboy shall be enjoined from indulging in his conversation tables such expressions as "I rate a ——" "Wot does he rate?" and "He don't rate a ——" and shall be forced to devote the time formerly wasted in talk to the preservation of slum and the propagation of service, the chief aims of man.

(To be continued)

Qualified to Talk

Publisher: "You say you have written a book entitled, 'Why Boys Go to College?' What do you know about it? You're no college boy."

Fair Authoress: "No, but I used to be a chorus girl."



"How did you come to meet your second husband?"
"It was very simple—he ran over my first with his machine."

Tactics

The war brought a number of military phrases into civilian usage, as everybody knows.

In a newspaper office recently the city editor looked wearily at the bright young reporter who had submitted a big bundle of copy in a description of some trivial incident.

"Deploy that!" he snapped.

"Deploy it?" repeated the new man. "I don't understand."

"Turn that column into a line."

A Born Salesman

A small boy was complaining to a sympathetic neighbor of his father's suddenly acquired penuriousness. He wasn't giving his offspring money for ice cream and soda water as before and the latter was greatly stirred over the change in his parent's nature.

"Papa's saving his money, but I tell him it's foolish," he observed.

"Saving, eh?" commented the neighbor.

"Yes. Papa says he's saving to buy a baby, but I think I'll be able to talk him out of it."

Useless Knowledge

Private Billings had just returned from France with a well-developed knob of disgust. When they asked him what he thought of foreign parts, he returned:

"Well, the people are all right and the country is all right, but the language just makes me plumb sick. The only word of French I ever learned was 'merci' and that didn't help me none, because Lord knows none of them ever did anything I wanted 'em to."

Looks That Way

When Greek meets Greek they start a restaurant; when Greek meets Turk they start a retreat.

What Ailed Her

The Second Oldest Living Woman Resident was talking about the Oldest, against whom she naturally felt a certain degree of jealousy.

"I never see her beat!" she declared. "She'll lop down in a chair and there she'll set and set and set, doin' absolutely nothin' for hours and hours day after day! My stars, I sh' think she would mildew!"

Naturally

"Do you think your husband was broadened by his European trip?"
"No—flattened."

Against Nature

Ethel: "Did you hear about Gladys? She has a position as detective in one of the big department stores."

Clara: "Well, I don't envy her. Imagine being known as a plainclothes woman."

An Established Reputation

A grocer in a New England town went to a deputy sheriff whose word he knew he could trust for information as to a certain Lew Diggs, who had applied for credit at his store.

"Good mornin', sheriff."

"Mornin'."

"You know Lew Diggs?"

"Yup."

"What kind of a feller is he?"

"Purty fair."

"Is he honest?"

"Oh, sure, I should say so. Been arrested twice for stealing, and acquitted both times."

Guilty

Policeman: "No loafin' here—move on!"

Victim: "But I've a right to loaf here if I want to."

Policeman: "Is that so? Come with me—yer under arrest for impersonatin' an officer."

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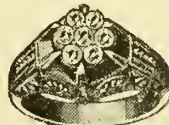
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Trading with the Bolsheviks

(Continued from page 4)

begged and wept, pulled his hair and pleaded until the day finally that a telegram arrived saying that the ship was actually loading in New York.

Day by day we mentally marked that ship's progress. Sailed by now. One day—two days—three days out. We felt its presence at Gibraltar.

Then we waited. No news came. There was a storm on the Mediterranean. We put the telegraph and radio companies to work in an effort to locate our cargo. Russia was starving. The ship might go down and we might collect the insurance, but that would not stop the Constantinople mission of the Soviets from making it very inconvenient for us.

Then, as the storms cleared, we received a radio from New York telling us that the ship had loaded only four thousand tons and had gone down to Baltimore to take on an additional cargo of grain for an Italian port.

Fifteen days had meant nothing to anyone west of the Dardanelles! South Russia continued to cry for the overdue shipment. The black-bearded Bolsheviks who had come down from the Caucasus were ready to do anything to cross Ipskowitz and his faction, and to show that his judgment was poorer than their own Georgian and Tartar methods of dealing. Despite their irritation and growing enmity, there was nothing in the contract that could appease them. They had to wait. They paced the floor of our office, and they gesticulated and spluttered in Russian until the office boy threatened to buy a raincoat. Then word came that the ship was at Genoa, but that a longshoremen's strike would stop its progress another fifteen days. More spluttering of Russian, more denouncing of Ipskowitz and "the Americans," more threats about this piece of "bad business" and "bad judgment." This time everybody threatened to buy raincoats.

But the most intricate details work out to natural conclusions. The ship plowed her way through the Aegean and reached the Dardanelles. At last she was anchored at Chanak, at the southern end of the Dardanelles, awaiting clearance by the Interallied authorities.

The hour had come for Riff to summarize all the instructions he had given me during the preceding month.

"It means," he was saying, "that the ship reaches Constantinople tomorrow morning. Everything is all set, and all you've got to do is to deliver it. They will hardly grab the flour without paying the balance. If they do, just give them plenty of room—it is all insured. The bank is sending two men with you. One is a young English chap and the other is the manager of their exchange department. They will deliver the documents and collect the gold. It's up to you to simply stick around and see that everything runs smoothly. Some kinks might come up in the contract, and some fellows may have their hands out. You have ninety-six hours in Batum. If they don't pay, then the bank men will order the ship back to Constantinople and we will sell the goods here. All you've got to do is keep out of trouble, and don't let the Tcheka (the Soviet chief of police with virtually absolute power) get hold of

you. They may try to frame you in some way, but I don't think so."

The trip into Bolshevik territory, into the same port where I had lived for six months prior to the Bolshevik régime, was enough of an adventure to make me forget these unnecessary instructions as to conduct. It was enough, however, that I should know what was expected of me in advance.

But when we arrived at the office, ready to go on board, there was news awaiting us. The ship was a German vessel, flying a German flag, and the Allied officials would not let her pass the Dardanelles!

Even international complications at the hands of our friends had arisen to prove that fate was against us. What boneheads those dumb-bells in New York must have been to think that they could send an ex-enemy vessel through the Interallied barrier of the Dardanelles!

"It's a blawsted shame," an English officer told me that night in the club, "to think of all the English and American bottoms that are tied up in the shipping yards and your blooming brokers pick a Boche boat. The blighters!" And he almost bit a hunk of glass out of his whiskey and soda.

Not only had the little Frenchman at the bank, the insurance companies, the Constantinople faction of the Soviets, longshoremen's strikes and other details and men come in between us and the consummation of our sale to the Russians, but here was the whole League of Nations, represented by the port officers of France, England and Italy, politely aligned against us. It was pitiful. It was tragic. For two days we entreated them to let our harmless little cargo through.

As a last recourse, Riff called on Rear Admiral Mark L. Bristol, the United States High Commissioner, and he, after listening quietly to our troubles, by some kind or quiet word said at the right time, directly or otherwise, to the Interallied officials, smoothed the way so that finally consent was given for the ship to come to Constantinople and proceed up the Bosphorus.

It was a humiliating provision of that consent, however, that the German captain must pull down his flag and raise the Interallied ensign instead, and that he must come from Chanak to Constantinople with two French guards on board, and proceed up the Bosphorus with two English Tommies patrolling his decks.

So the ship finally arrived. We went aboard and checked ourselves up. There were Whitmore and Isseo from the bank. Whitmore was English and all nationality, while Isseo was Levantine and had no such thing.

It had been agreed with the Constantinople delegation that the Russians would pay us a half million gold rubles, and Isseo had brought along a pair of scales so he could count the money by weighing it.

Our baggage was stored in three well-fitted staterooms, and I hastened to have the ship's hatches opened for an inspection of the flour. We wanted the Constantinople sun to shine for an hour on those top sacks, so that the musty smell of the sea would be cleared away before the delegation arrived to

see what the flour was like. It was one of the thousand-odd details of the contract that the flour would have to be accepted either at Constantinople or Batum, and we had agreed upon the first port.

Therefore, on that memorable day, the Soviet representatives finally came aboard, a delegation of three or four of them, with their brief cases and their secretaries, and all the pomp and glory of small men acting the part of big business, and seemingly comic in their inability to do so.

The German captain was quite affable and met them with a smile as I introduced them. We approached the hatches of the steamer where the flour was heaped in even stacks deep into the hold of the vessel below us.

"It is all just like that, gentlemen," the master told them. "I saw every sack of it loaded with my own eyes, and never a finer lot of flour was put on board my ship."

The delegation doubted this, however, and they puckered their foreheads, plainly showing their disappointment in not being able to reject the cargo then and there. We ripped open several of the sacks, and in the manner of flour merchants and experts made a paste with water and flour and stuck it on the end of a paddle to dry in the sun, so that we could see the crust effect the bread would eventually make. We made additional dough of it and molded and plastered it in our hands, kneading it to and fro, pulling and stretching it to show and test the flour's elasticity. By the usual methods we tested its expansion, for a pound of one kind of flour will not make the same size loaf as another, although the loaves may weigh the same. We stuck our tongues in the flour itself and tasted and smelled it for its natural sweetness until our noses were powdered with it, and some of the black Bolshevik beards were sprinkled white with it.

There was nothing wrong with that flour, and, to cap the climax, the captain invited the delegation into his cabin, where his steward served us with bread that had been made from it coming over. Ship's masters unfortunately have a habit of acquainting their officers' messes with the nature of their cargoes.

The delegation left, and Riff called me aside. I got the ship's radio wave length and arc and gave it to him, and in turn took a note of the call for an American destroyer lying at Samsoun, on the Black Sea about halfway between Constantinople and Batum, with the understanding that if I personally signed any messages and sent them to the embassy they would be delivered to him. There would be, could be no communication with the outside world except in this manner. Riff intimated that the destroyer was ready to move in case that trouble should develop with the Russians.

There was a hurried good-by, the rope ladder was drawn in, the ship's winches screamed and backfired, and the anchor grated against the iron hull. The Stamboul skyline, which I have always contended is one of the most beautiful sunset silhouettes to be seen, swerved behind us.

The flour was actually beneath the deck, and all I had to do was deliver it. We were off to Russia. But our troubles had just begun.

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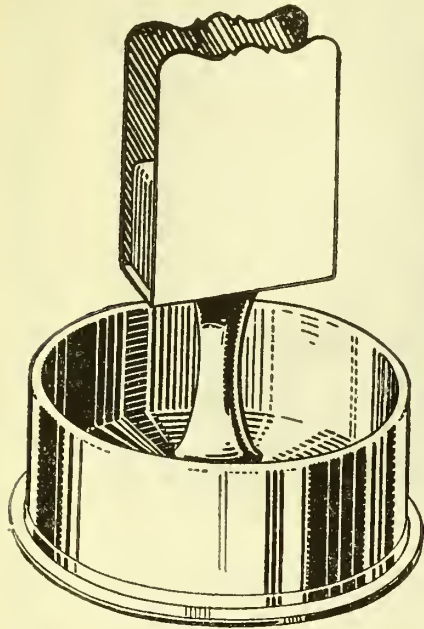
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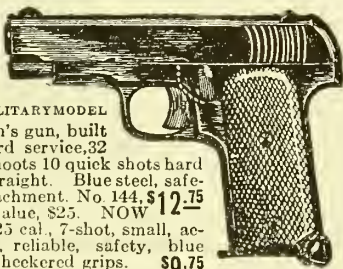
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The Legion and the Nation

(Continued from page 11)

in America's defense, it would provide a Thanksgiving and a Christmas for every one of them that would lighten a gray existence with a gleam of joy.

Let us be thankful that there is no need of that, even for one day. The men and women of the Legion and the women of its Auxiliary can care for America's disabled on every Thanksgiving, and care for them they will; and America's charity may continue overseas. Let us be charitable, if need be, when the agents of the Soviets of Russia come before American audiences to plead for our charities and to denounce our country alike in utter confidence. But The American Legion devotes itself to the American disabled.

We of The American Legion seek to devote ourselves to things American; and after the care of the American disabled there comes the cultivation of American citizenship. There are things of the heart and mind that set apart America from all other nations; these things we simply call Americanism. Concerning these our creed is concise and definite.

We hold that the Constitution of the United States is the most effective instrument yet devised for the expression of the will of all the people for the benefit of a free people. It provides for a representative government responsible to the people for the carrying out of their commands; and it incorporates within itself the machinery for its alteration according to the people's will, leaving no argument to any advocates of forceful change. In this first century and one half, under this Constitution the American Republic has advanced beyond any previous experience of mankind. And this establishment has survived the severest of domestic and foreign difficulties. It brings to the American citizen liberty secure under the law, and the opportunity of working out his life according to his desires and his abilities. It requires from the American citizen loyalty. We of the Legion believe the bargain is fair.

By this Constitution there has been established a Congress of the United States for the function of legislation, and a Supreme Court of the United States invested with the ultimate judicial authority. Protection of minorities is a basic principle of free government, and this protection the Supreme Court has been established and empowered to maintain. This allocation of authority is just and constitutional, and has stood the test of time. There is a movement under way to extend the authority of Congress over the Supreme Court. The American Legion opposes this movement and brands it as dangerous and un-American.

Equality of opportunity is a necessity of a free people; for the lack of such opportunity brings citizens invariably under other rule and would create class distinctions impossible in America. Equality of opportunity can only be arrived at through equal opportunity of education. This opportunity of education we are resolved to bring about for all the children of America. There are children in America condemned to toil too young who should and must be brought into the schools. Nor is the number of these incon-

siderable, nor can the country afford to pass them by. There are twenty-five million children of school age in the United States. There are millions of these children who are not regularly attending any school. Already the Legion has effected legislation for compulsory school attendance, and has assisted greatly in the enforcement of such legislation already in existence. We shall continue until child labor has been supplanted by child growth, development and study throughout the land.

Illiteracy and ignorance comprise the one great menace to popular government. An illiterate citizen cannot vote intelligently, nor can ignorant men achieve good management of public affairs. Yet the United States stands highest in illiteracy of the great civilized nations of the world. We have millions of citizens entitled to the vote who cannot read or write with any degree of understanding. This condition must be met and conquered if popular government is to endure. The Legion has undertaken a campaign against illiteracy that we shall carry on until illiteracy is wiped out and reason based upon understanding prevails.

Nor is this all that can and must be done for the youth of America. Ability to read and write is not the sole qualification of good citizenship. There must be an understanding of the meaning of civil government, and a comprehension of the salient facts of American history and the great spirit underlying and animating it with a realization of the value and significance of American institutions. With these will come loyalty and ability, and a strong devotion to the Republic in the bosoms of her citizens to come. These are the boys and girls of today; they constitute the nation's treasures, far more precious than any farms, mills or mines. In their development is the nation's hope, in their neglect is the nation's certain decline. We, the ex-service men, are devoted to their training and development. We are working for it in every State in the American Union.

Nor is mental development the only necessity of an efficient individual and a good citizen. The day of the open life is passing in this country, and there are conditions that contribute to a great decline in the physical efficiency of the nation. There was a call to the colors in 1917, and through that call we came to realize that one out of every four of our young men was physically unfit for military service. What does this mean? It means that the nation is approaching a physical decadence fraught with evil possibilities, which must be met and overcome while there is yet time. There must be measures adopted for the adequate physical instruction and development of the youth of the country. There must be fresh air and sanitation in the cities; there must be parks and playgrounds, there must be an establishment of adequate physical instruction in all the schools; and in all the States of America the Legion is working to this end.

So much for the future citizens of the Republic; now let us fancy these boys and girls looking about and saying, "You have done all this to prepare us for America; what have you done to

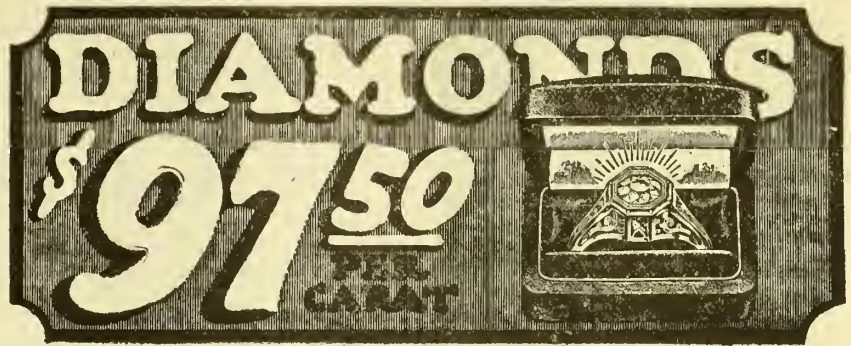
prepare America for us?" Well for us if we may reply, "We have not left undone that which we ought to have done. We have wrought with our hands and our hearts to prepare a place for you."

This is an answer that we cannot make as long as we have left undone our duty of making due provision against the inflow of alien immigration that is rising around our institutions in America; and this is an answer that we cannot make as long as we have not prepared a place of security by adequate provision for the defense of the nation.

In the United States today, one-third of our whole population is foreign born or born of foreign parentage. Today, moreover, the hundreds of thousands entering America bring with them no ideals nor any understanding of the spirit of America; I am afraid they come for gain and offer in exchange ingratitude. They come as profiteers, not pioneers; and they bring with them indifference, and ignorance and inability to take intelligent part in the self-determination of free government. They come with empty stomachs and heads full of anarchy, a great many of them; and they repay the country that feeds them with scorn and distrust of that country's government. It is evident that the present influx of immigration is undesirable, and that if it continues it will submerge the present institutions of America and alter the character of the nation very greatly. The ex-service men of America fought to preserve the free Republic of today, and it is their hope that the nation will develop and progress along avenues distinctly American, in line with the established ideals and traditions of America; for these have been put to the test and found worthy. Therefore they favor and will take action for the exclusion of immigration for a fixed period of years.

For the defense of the nation, the men who have had the experience of the hardships of war desire that an adequate establishment be maintained. The men of the Legion are out of sympathy with the policy of economy that would cut our military defense below the safety line. That line has been defined by acknowledged experts in the enactments of the Defense Act of 1920. The minimum established by that act for the personnel of the Army has been lowered since; the Legion asks that it be restored. The ex-service men realize that adequate preparation discourages aggression, and saves lives in the eventuality of war; and they submit that their opinion, based on the assurance of actual experience, should have weight. Let us have done with that bitter and false economy that sets American dollars above American lives.

And let us do away as well with that other and equally false economy that sets American dollars above American service, and operates in the long run to the advantage of the profiteer above the patriot. There has been a great war fought and won by the service men of America at an economic sacrifice on the part of every man of them. During this war there were other Americans who avoided active service and remained in the ranks of peace, to their own great economic profit—a profit due directly to the waging and winning of the war. It is the will of the people that this injustice be righted by an adjustment of wartime compensation;



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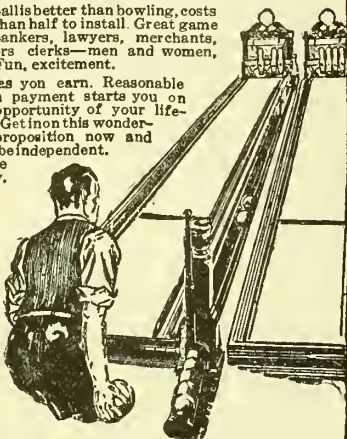
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and they have expressed that will in no uncertain terms on every opportunity afforded them. There is no shadow of a doubt of the coming of this national adjustment of compensation. And it will bring with it insurance for the safeguarding of families, and loans for the building of homes, and setting up of farms. Then the ex-service man, restored in so far as possible to his rightful economic status, can enter into the building of business and the development of the country in the spirit of service rightly recognized, of patriotism proven and of faith justified in full.

And there are other things awaiting our endeavor. There is today a great association of the Allied veterans of the World War, of which we of the Legion comprise the American membership. The organized veterans of seven other nations as well make up the international organization. Its personnel is comprised of men who have come through the service of war to a great desire for peace. The veterans of these eight nations in this great organization associated are working with all their powers for a better understanding among the nations such as will clear the path for permanent and lasting peace. Thereafter the nations of the world may take eyes off each other and develop each its own ideals through the medium of its own culture. And here in America there shall be busy streets of cities, where men and women shall go about their work securely, content and confident each one of justice and of liberty. There shall be pleasant avenues of homes, and highways leading out among flourishing farms. Athletic fields there will be, and libraries, and above all schools; nor shall any children any longer be kept out of schools. And here and there along the streets you will see the clubhouses of the veterans, whose service helped to bring these things about. And as your gaze climbs higher, you will see floating above the clubhouses of the veterans the Flag of America, and you will see above all the schools the Flag of America; and above all office and public buildings the Flag of America; until the blue of its field enlarges into the heaven's blue, and the stars of that field take on the splendor of the eternal stars above. And as our eyes are fixed upon our radiant flag symbolizing the unity of our free and mighty people, let there pour out from our hearts a message of Thanksgiving to the God of our fathers, for a continuance of His goodness and mercy, and may we as a people prove worthy.

Our Baby

(Continued from page 6)

and have beaux! They marry at eighteen and separate at twenty! Then are ready to do it over again. They are not bad, and the husband may be a good man, but they do not take time to understand or discover it.

I know a lady here who says to her girl every day: "Don't you ever marry a poor man and be a slave. If you find a rich one, marry him; if not, keep away from marriage." Incidentally the same lady married twenty years ago purely for love, and although wealth has not come to them yet she claims to have the best husband in the world. I like to remind her of this, and also my own marriage, but I am a poor

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The American Legion Weekly

627 West 43d Street, New York

opponent, as the girl is already spoilt and when I leave their house I suppose they have a good laugh at my old-fashioned ways and home-making ideas.

How mothers are so blind as not to make the difference between the sturdy fourteen-year-old girl with good, natural pink and shiny cheeks, her white middie and skirt, and the dolls who go to school with the elaborate hair dress, rouged lips, powdered faces, fashionable clothes, and a vanity case as big as a traveling bag! Girls here do not enjoy their youth long enough like the boys do and there is surely a mistake in their education. When I pass those wonderful and so attractive American schools I wonder how our dark, damp, enclosed ones we used to have in France produce girls soundly educated.

And it is here now that I bless the dear old obligatory black sateen apron we all wear in French schools—the black apron that used to make us look all alike without distinction of money. The dear old thing, besides saving a lot of washing and ironing to our mothers, saved us from jealousy and envy. May France always keep the obligatory black apron in her schools and offices and she will save a big majority of her women. The black apron that made an American soldier in France ask me if all the children of one certain school were orphans and so many American women laugh is obligatory in all schools, shops and offices. Then the poor little girl will look just the same as the one who comes to school chaperoned by her maid; the girl who is supporting aged or sick parents by her work in an office will not envy the frills and laces of the more favored one; the salesgirl in the department store will have more consideration for the buyer, not having to watch in the showcase opposite of her how her skirt hangs.

We do have in France artificial and selfish women too, but we have more of them with the good practical sense of life. They love pretty clothes and know how to wear them, but at the same time they are proud to be economical. As they have less vanity they will love and appreciate their husbands a little better and the ideas of divorce, so frequent here, will be entirely banished from their matrimonial problems.

But His Song Is Still There

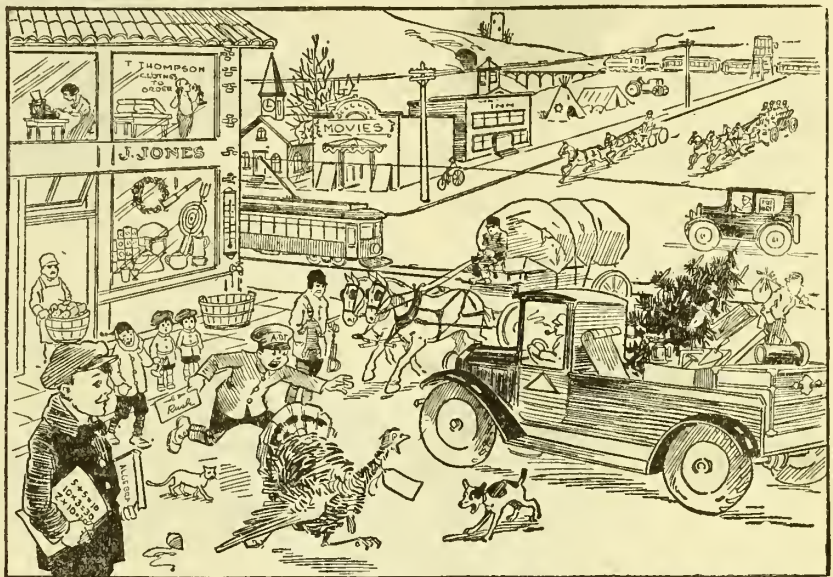
(Continued from page 8)

"The Star Spangled Banner" shows amazing vitality. Lacking the favor of official sanction, it has persisted for 112 years and is now, perhaps, as securely entrenched as at any time since Key scrawled the words on the back of an old envelope. It had a slow but steady growth in competition with other songs in the years following its birth, but not until the Civil War was it brought to the front from among the others, and not until 1890 was it recognized in any formal way. At that time it was prescribed in a Navy regulation which required that it should be played at morning colors and that "Hail Columbia" should be played at evening colors. The latter song was eliminated from Navy regulations in 1893, and the former was adopted by Army regulations in 1895.

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Look at the picture below and see if you can find any objects beginning with "T," like "truck," "turkey," "tub," etc. YOU MAY WIN \$1,000 if you try. No experience, no money, no "luck" required. Just send in your list of "T"-words.



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1. Anyone living outside of Minneapolis, except employees of this company, may compete for the prizes.
2. Each contestant will be allowed 100 "points" of entry. 50 "points" for proving with affidavit that a contestant has explained the six reasons why Barrington Hall Soluble Coffee should be used; 25 final "points" to be awarded by the judges. The person sending in the largest nearest correct list of "T" words found in the picture to be awarded 25 "points," second largest 24 "points," etc. 175 "points" will win first prize, next highest, second prize, etc.
3. Only English "T" words will count. Hyphenated, obsolete, compound (two or more complete words) and foreign words will not be counted. Use either singular or plural of same object, but do not use both. Use words of same spelling only once even though they have a different meaning. Name an object only once. Part of an object can also be named. Synonyms will be counted only as one word. Webster's New International Dictionary will be used as authority.
4. Number your words starting 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., writing on one side of paper only with your name on top of the sheet.
5. In the event of a tie for any prize offered, the full amount of the prize will be awarded each tying contestant. If more than one list is sent in by one person, all lists of such contestants will be disqualified.
6. All solutions must be mailed and postmarked not later than January 6, 1923. Three independent, prominent Minneapolis people will act as judges. List winning first prize will be published. All contestants agree to accept the judges' decision as final and conclusive. A larger copy of the puzzle picture will be sent free on request.

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The person gaining 175 "points" (which is the maximum) will win the \$1,000; the next highest, second prize, \$1,000, and so on down the list of 25 grand prizes. Remember, it is not necessary to purchase coffee to win the \$1,000.

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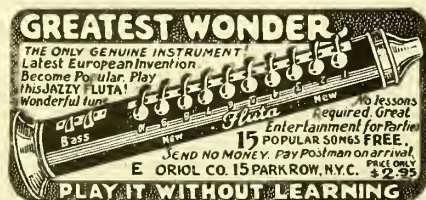


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versy continues. So constant has been the agitation in recent years that on January 25th of last year, the Adjutant General of the Army, Major General P. C. Harris, was moved to issue a circular which says in part:

No anthem, hymn or musical air has been recognized by any Federal law as the national anthem, hymn or air, but Army and Navy regulations provide that the musical composition familiarly known as the "Star Spangled Banner" shall be designated as the national air of the United States of America. It should be stated, however, that these regulations are binding only upon the personnel of the military and naval service.

Whenever the national anthem is played at any place where persons belonging to the military or naval service are present, all officers and enlisted men not in formation are required to stand at attention, facing towards the music, excepting when the flag is being lowered at sunset, on which occasion they are required to face towards the flag. If in uniform, covered, they shall salute at the first note of the anthem, retaining the position of salute until the last note of the anthem. If not in uniform and covered they are required to stand and uncover at the first note of the anthem, holding the headdress opposite the left shoulder until the last note is played, excepting in inclement weather, when the headdress may be held slightly raised. The custom of rising and remaining standing and uncovered while "The Star Spangled Banner" is being played has grown in favor among civilians.

It should be borne in mind that the views set forth in this circular are merely suggestive and that it is not the intention of the Department to give them out as authoritative.

Note that the Adjutant General says that his views are "merely suggestive" and not given out "as authoritative."

Anyone interested in the history and possible fate of "The Star Spangled Banner" would do well to read the careful report on the subject, in the little red book previously mentioned, prepared at the request of Congress by Oscar G. T. Sonneck, formerly chief of the Division of Music, Library of Congress. By his researches Mr. Sonneck cleared up several debatable points as to the origin of the words and music. He says in his introductory remarks:

For instance, every patriotic American would rejoice with the author of this "Report," if it could be shown by documentary or other unimpeachable evidence that "The Star Spangled Banner," both in words and music, was of American origin. If that cannot be shown then every patriotic American will be sensible enough not to betray irritation of his patriotic pride because the music of our "Star Spangled Banner" has its origin in some "monarchical" country of Europe, whether that be Turkey, Russia, Germany, France, England or Ireland. Nor is there any patriotic reason, so far as I can see, why the citizens of the republican United States of America, founded by men of English, German, Irish or other descent, and fought for by Irishmen against Irishmen, Englishmen against Englishmen, Germans against Germans, should be expected to smart under the theory that "To Anacreon in Heaven" was of English, not of Irish, French or German origin, and to prefer, for instance, an Irish to an English composer. We took the air and we kept it. Transplanted on American soil, it thrived. As "To Anacreon in Heaven" of European

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Delicious and wholesome. Price \$1.50 per lb. by Parcel Post, C.O.D. Order a pound. When it arrives pay postman \$1.50 (plus postage). You'll like them. If you don't, after tasting them, just return remainder and we will refund your money. Chocolate coated almonds, 75 cents per lb. You'll want both for parties, Christmas, etc.

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Speak a mouthful and get it!

We will give three prizes of \$25, \$15 and \$10 each for the three best statements of not more than 125 words that you actually told your newsdealer about The American Legion Weekly. There are no strings to the prizes. Just write us what you said, to what newsdealer you said it, regardless of whether he carries the magazine or not. You may congratulate him for putting and keeping the magazine out front; you may call him down for not displaying it; you may get after him for not carrying it. You may tell us how you convinced him he should push the Weekly on his newsstand. You may promise him sales.

You may see as many dealers as you wish. Just send us one page for each statement. The three best statements will win the three prizes. Write your full name and address in one corner. Write the dealer's name and address in the other, then follow with the statement "I told my newsdealer" and add the 125 words you actually said to him.

The checks will be mailed from this office on December 15th, just in time for Christmas. Your statement will be considered for the prizes if it arrives in this office on or before December 10th, 1922.

We want The American Legion Weekly out front on every newsstand. Your dealer can order it through his distributor or direct from us. If he wants it on his newsstand he can get it.

It means more members. It means that more people will know about The American Legion than ever before. It means that the ex-service man who is not in your Post can learn more about the Legion by buying a copy of your Weekly from your newsdealer!

MAKE IT SHORT AND SNAPPY—BUT SPEAK A MOUTHFUL AND GET ONE OF THESE CASH PRIZES.

Address all statements to

"Newsstand Contest"

American Legion Weekly

627 West 43d St., New York

origin, the air is obsolete and extinct; as the air of "The Star Spangled Banner" it stirs the blood of every American, regardless of his origin or the origin of the air.

The argument for "The Star Spangled Banner" is pretty well summed up in Mr. Sonneck's concluding words. We took the air and we kept it. It is heard no longer in England, nor in all Europe, save as the national anthem of the United States of America. If there were not some quality of fitness in its plunging rhythms, all the plugging in the world would not have saved it to this late day. Boastful it may be, but here it is in 1922 with battle, tradition and custom behind it.

My own feeling about the song is slightly prejudiced by memories. Whenever I hear it nowadays, my thoughts slip back five years and land in the middle of October, 1917, on a bare stretch of ground surrounded by barracks and leafless trees. Dusk is coming down fast, and I am standing with several thousand others behind a Springfield held as nearly at Present Arms as my cold hands will permit. The ranks are quiet and steady; only to the left front is there any movement, and that centers around a pole at whose top something droops. Presently that drooping something begins to move gently downward. There is a blare of brass.

"Oh, say can you see . . ."

Well, I can see a little, but I can feel a good deal. It may be all you say, Mrs. Stetson, but there's something about "The Star Spangled Banner"—there's something about it—

Foster Fathers

(Continued from page 9)

number increased to twenty-two within a few meetings. At present we have twelve boys qualified as tenderfoot scouts and a number more waiting to qualify as soon as they reach the age limit.

We have the troop make our post headquarters their headquarters. About every other meeting we take them on a short hike, swim or other diversion, about once a month making an overnight camp nearby. In addition to our own troop, our members are interested in several other troops, our post commander being a scoutmaster. We plan to try to make our troop an example for other older troops to follow, if possible, and so far at least the boys are certainly meeting us halfway.

That's the way one Legion post started its Boy Scout troop. At the rate it seems to be going it ought to be a top-notch organization when it is a couple of years old. Let's look ahead and imagine what the troop will be two years from now.

Instead of twelve tenderfeet and as many candidates, the troop now has twenty-four enrolled tenderfoot scouts, seven second-class scouts (the next higher grade) and six boys holding the rank of first-class scout. Instead of having to seek for members, the troop has its full complement of four patrols of eight boys each, with a rookie patrol of new members in addition. The weekly dues paid by the boys have been used to acquire flags, tents, and other equipment. With the help of the Legion members, practically all of the boys have been able to earn the money for their scout uniforms.

At the last city rally of scout troops

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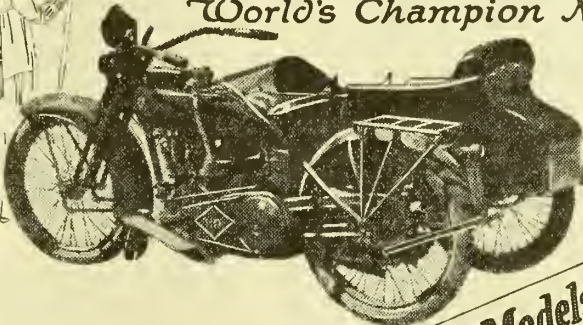
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it won the championship in its class. Finally, the Legion post has just bought an island which will serve as a camp ground for the boys during warm weather.

Are we imagining too much? Is this more than we can reasonably expect from a two-year-old troop sponsored by a Legion post? Here's the evidence contained in a letter from Hoyt S. Holton, scoutmaster of Troop 75, Toledo, Ohio, which since 1920 has been under the supervision of Toledo Post of the Legion.

Our present enrollment is about thirty-eight, exclusive of the senior patrol leader and the commissioned officers. We maintain the regular four patrols and in addition a rookie patrol. Recruits stay in this patrol until they have passed the tenderfoot test and have proved themselves good scouts.

Many members of Toledo Post furnish work for the boys. Thus we can get boys into the troop who really need the Boy Scout work and who otherwise could not afford to join. Just this year Toledo Post had an opportunity to purchase an island in the Maumee River as a recreation ground for post members. After much debate, final approval was voted when some one suggested that it could also be used for a Boy Scout camp.

Scout Executive P. B. Samson, the ranking official of the Boy Scouts of Toledo, adds his testimony:

Troop 75 has been very successful, and at our annual Coliseum show in March, 1921, easily won the honors in their class. The Legion post has been acting as sponsor for the troop for just a little over two years. Among other activities, the post has financially helped various of the poorer boys to go to camp, has furnished dads to fatherless scouts for our big father and son banquet, and has entertained the troop at various feeds and other affairs.

These two Legion posts sponsored scout troops—one new, the other a two-year-old. They have shown what can be done. In 1921, fifty-two scout troops supported by Legion posts were on record. It is estimated that the end of 1922 will see this total doubled or tripled. Aside from the troops directly conducted by Legion posts, a great number of Boy Scout troops connected with churches, schools, and other institutions are under the leadership of Legion men. A questionnaire sent to the Legion's posts of New York State revealed that in 183 posts there were 120 Legionnaires acting as scoutmasters. If this proportion applies also to those posts which did not respond to the questionnaire, there must be more than six hundred Legion men engaged in scout leadership in New York State. In 1921 there were 1,930 scout troops in the State, so that, according to these figures, almost a third of New York's troops are led by Legionnaires. Reports come in from all over the United States of Legion posts sponsoring troops, helping the Boy Scouts in various ways, and in turn being aided in Legion undertakings by the scout organization.

Giantvalley Post of Minneapolis was one of the first Legion posts in the country to adopt a Boy Scout troop. The post takes part with the boys in

their athletic and scouting contests and provides prizes for good will. In East Providence, Rhode Island, there are four Boy Scout troops. Two of them have post members as scoutmasters. The other two have Legionnaires on their troop committees. A fifth troop is being organized under the auspices of East Providence Post. In Delano, California, Merle V. Reed Post has organized two troops of Boy Scouts. Only one troop was originally planned, but so many boys appeared in answer to the first call for recruits that a double organization was made necessary. The Boy Scouts meet in the Legion clubrooms. Calhoun Post of Minneapolis adopted a troop which had been without a suitable meeting place for some time until the Legion post opened its clubrooms to it. In Aledo, Illinois, the Scouts are sponsored by the Legion post. The two organizations co-operate in athletics, hikes, and other outdoor sports. Thayers-Waters Post of Colome, South Dakota, supervises the instruction in camping, signaling, drilling, and hiking given the local scout troop.

Out in Miles City, Montana, three members of Custer Post are serving as scout leaders—two as scoutmasters and the third as assistant scoutmaster. In Eveleth, Minnesota, a Boy Scout troop has been found connected with the Legion post whose membership consists entirely of younger brothers, cousins, nephews, and sons of American Legion members. There are many others.

It must not be thought that the relationship between the scouts and the Legion is always one-sided. In many and various ways the Boy Scouts have repaid the Legion for help given. In Hamilton, Ohio, a hundred members of Frank Durwin Post were guests of the Boy Scout local council at a picnic at the scout camp. In Fairmont, West Virginia, Boy Scouts aided the Legionnaires in cleaning the old Fairmont cemetery, in which several veterans are buried.

Scouts of El Paso, Texas, won the commendation of Marshal Foch and of Past National Commander MacNider for the way they assisted the police and the Legion during the Marshal's visit. Three hundred Boy Scouts of Fort Smith, Arkansas, staged a Boy Scout Jamboree as part of a celebration conducted by Victor Ellig Post. In Salem, Ohio, the Legion and the Boy Scouts co-operated in buying and installing metal street signs.

Boy Scouts have been the official pages at all National Conventions of the Legion. At Kansas City the convention formally recognized the Scout's services. They served in the information booths, acted as ushers, aides and messengers for the seating committee in the convention hall, guided visiting Legionnaires to their hotels, assisted the parade committee, acted as runners for the two hundred newspaper men who told the convention story to the outside world, distributed thousands of programs at the dedication of the two-million-dollar memorial, and as their biggest job lined up a thousand Scouts along the route of the Legion parade, without whose help the police would have had great difficulty in coping with the crowds.

WITH THE AUXILIARY

A Proud Record

WE don't want to seem to be harping on the membership question, but it is interesting to note that the Auxiliary Unit at Woodsfield, Ohio, has a membership of 130 out of a population in the town of 2,500 persons. This is very nearly a record. Woodsfield sent 126 boys from within its precincts to the World War. Monroe Legion Post, which takes in part of the county also, had 227 members in the summer. But the Woodsfield Auxiliary Unit is not resting on its laurels; it has announced for its fall program a campaign to sign up every woman eligible in town.

More About Cans

WE always rejoice to hear of a new idea for a party, and from the Y. M. C. A. Unit, Auxiliary to Post No. 107, Indianapolis, Ind., composed of colored women, comes this report of a clever entertainment, which drew a large attendance and resulted in a substantial increase in the unit coffers:

A supper was given at the home of Mrs. E. W. Diggs, 1908 Highland Place, fifty-five invitations were sent out in tiny cans wrapped in tissue paper. They read: "Come as early as you 'can'; as near eight o'clock, as you 'can'; bring all you 'can'; be as sociable as you 'can'; have as good a time as you 'can'; talk all you 'can'; play all you 'can'; sing all you 'can'; get the best girl you 'can'; dance all you 'can'; eat all you 'can'; leave as late as you 'can'; boost the Auxiliary all you 'can'; and come again as soon as you 'can'."

The tables were decorated with flowers in tall cans. Games were played, characteristic of the "can" idea. One member carried across her a band bearing the inscription: "Can I get you for a member of the Auxiliary?" It is needless to say that this affair was called "A Can Social."

All the News

THE recalcitrant editor of one weekly in Minnesota invited unusual competition to his news sheet recently when he refused to print the Auxiliary's news items. The secretary brought a large blackboard and put it on a prominent corner in Main street, and here she writes all Auxiliary news. She claims a wide circulation and good results.

Work for Idle Hands

"HOW can we find work to which to turn our idle hands?" one of our Auxiliary units writes, and asks that something be outlined in this space. For your hospital work we suggest adoption of wards or beds by a unit, the furnishing of hospital rooms, financing of one patient (say a surgical case) by a unit, the furnishing of bed telephones, electric fans or shaving mirrors. Would your hospital appreciate a violin or two, or a saxophone to help out in the orchestra? In your own community, make layettes for babies and

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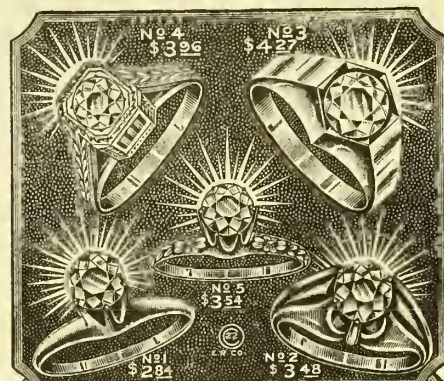
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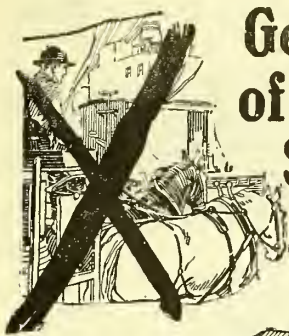
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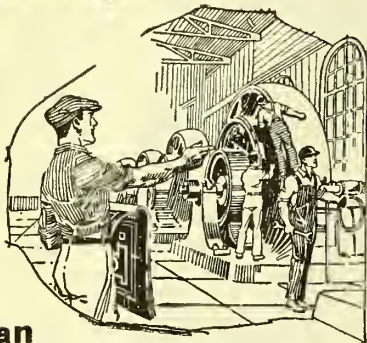
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little garments for older children of your needy families of ex-service men. Adopt an orphan on the French war orphan plan—that is, see that a certain child is clothed and funds provided for its schooling. Has your town a circulating library? If not, provide funds for one and have your unit secretary act as librarian. Visit your schools and ask the authorities to hold a flag drill. Think of how best you can be helpful in three things: Comfort to the disabled, helpfulness in your community, devotion to your nation and its institutions.

Birthday Boxes

SUNDAY schools have no monopoly on birthday boxes, although the idea may have originated there. Racine (Wisconsin) Auxiliary Unit keeps a permanent birthday box to which every member is requested to contribute as many pennies as she is years old at the monthly meeting nearest her birthday. The box has been found to collect more pennies than the women could possibly be years old, for when one gets to be forty-odd she will drop in nonchalantly (and non-committally) a silver half dollar or dollar, explaining, "Of course I am not that old, but I won't bother to get change."

The Auxiliary has gone a step farther. They have a "sunshine box" (ever at hand) into which any member is at perfect liberty to drop a contribution whenever she is feeling especially happy over some event in her family or home-town circle. You would be surprised at the sunshine which accumulates during a month.

Bring the Families In

AN intensive drive on families recently was started by Cass County Post and its Auxiliary Unit in the Indiana Department. One result was the signing up of three brothers and five sisters in one family. Mrs. Etta Martin, Mrs. Tillie McCune, Miss Olia Bopp, Mrs. Emma Grelle and Mrs. Elsie Jones are the sisters. Miss Bopp was a charter member, and Mrs. Martin is vice-president of the unit. In the post are the three Bopp brothers, Jerome, the post adjutant, and Edward and Walter Bopp. Here is a good idea—all members ought to check up their families and bring all the folks in.

Gay Nighties

THE Department of Minnesota accidentally touched a delicate nerve in the fibre of its disabled men not long ago. A unit sent in some gayly striped pajamas, and when they were distributed in the hospitals to the veterans, much temperament developed. All the men wanted the bright colored ones. As a result all Minnesota units now are sewing on colorful striped combric for the men's nighties. They are in pastel blues, pinks and lavenders and some in light greens. And they say women are vain! Mrs. Sandy Hamilton, Department president, wrote that the men liked the gayer things, and bathrobes (which are given out by hundreds also) are most satisfactory to the boys when they come in gay patterns. It pleases the women to sew on the fancier patterns, so altogether the morale is generally strengthened by a bit of color.

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NEW YORK SALES CO., Dept. E-32. 21 Park Row, New York

AGENTS

Large Shirt Manufacturer wants agents to sell complete line of shirts, direct to wearer. Advertised Brand. Exclusive patterns. No capital or experience required. Big values. Entirely new proposition. Write for free samples **MADISON SHIRT CO.** 508 Broadway New York

Sound Off Emblem Division

Automobile decorations, Post banners, grave markers, membership buttons, seal presses, window transfers, athletic emblems and a score of other useful and attractive items incorporating the Legion emblem are to be had from the Emblem Division.

WRITE FOR A COMPLETE CATALOGUE

Emblem Division, National Headquarters
The American Legion, Indianapolis...

MAKE BIG MONEY

Sell \$15 adding Machine. Marvelous new device. Adds, subtracts, multiplies and divides. Accurate, speedy, sales enormous. Equal in work to a high priced machine. Used by the U. S. Government and the largest railroads. Territory going fast. Act quick.

Lightning Calculator Co., Dept. L, Grand Rapids Mich.

CUSTOM TAILOR MADE TO FIT YOUR INDIVIDUAL CAR

\$5.65 and up
Parcels Post Paid

Made in our custom shops after your order is received. We ship ordinarily in 2 or 3 days. Perfect fit guaranteed when correct name, year and model of car is given.

You can easily apply it yourself. We furnish instructions and all necessary tacks, welts and fasteners. Our catalog No. 11 with sample is free for the asking.

Liberty Top & Tire Co., Dept. E-10, Cincinnati, O.

OH BOYS-GIRLS GREAT SPORT

THROW YOUR VOICE

Into a Barrel, under the Table, Back of a Door, into a TRUNK, DESK in SCHOOL, Any Old Place. Great FUN fooling the TEACHERS, Friends, EVERYBODY with Our

CLAXOPHONE

Which Sets On your Tongue Unseen, it NEVER FAILS Anybody. Int. Birdcote. The CLAXOPHONE, with Full Instructions, a Set of SECRET-WRITING TRICK, (beats Inva. Ink) a MAGIC L. Trick, (a Great Money maker) ALSO, This Marvelous Novelty.

NEW SCIENTIFIC WONDER "X-RAY CURIO"

With It you Apparently See thru Clothes, See the bones in your Fingers, Lead in Pencil, etc. No end of fun.

3 FOR 25c. BIG FUN

WE SEND ALL ABOVE Novelties by pre-paid Mail for 10c. 3 For 25c. A nice Souvenir Free with each 25c. order.

CLAXO TRICK CO., Dept. L-A-L, NEW HAVEN, CT.
WE GIVE The BEST and MOST for The MONEY.

HAVE YOU AN "AMERICA" IN YOUR HOME?



The Painting **AMERICA** *Painted*
Small size "America"—12 x 18". \$0.60
Large size "America"—19 x 28". 1.00

Clipping from New York Times
May 7th, 1922.

LEGION RECEIVES "AMERICA"

Marshal Foch Speaks at Presentation of French Gift to Americans.

PARIS, May 6.—Seven soldiers were the object of reverent attention today at the Inter-Allied Club during the ceremony of presentation of the picture "America" by the French Ministry of War to The American Legion. Marshal Foch, said as he looked upon the painting: "The unknown soldiers represented in this picture are a guarantee of future friendship between two sister republics. I salute them, and through them, my comrades in arms in great America."

Cash Orders Filled, Postage Prepaid

Small size "America"—12 x 18". \$0.60
Large size "America"—19 x 28". 1.00

Send money to American Legion Weekly, 627 West 43d Street, New York City.

Get Your Copy Without Cost!

We will give away a copy of this famous painting, size 12 x 18 inches, beautifully reproduced in full colors properly blended to bring out the original colors. Sent, postage prepaid, to every Legion member who secures one two dollar yearly subscription to the American Legion Weekly. Ask your friends to subscribe or give a subscription as a Christmas gift. You couldn't choose a better one. Send money order or check, if currency be sure and register. Picture mailed in special cardboard container to insure safe arrival.

The American Legion Weekly,
627 West 43d Street, New York.

I want one of these pictures. Here are two dollars.
Send the Weekly to

Send picture to

Sidekicks

(Continued from page 5)

doubted if it would interest that phlegmatic creature.

Pickles, astride Pete, early caught sight of the column of French artillery approaching from the opposite direction. French and Yank outfits passed, surveying each other curiously.

Suddenly from the wheel driver of the first-section piece burst an inarticulate cry of joy. Incorporated in a French team Pickles had recognized the lost Repeat. The battery commander was notified; so was the major, and there on the road those two long columns halted, a rare tribute to a horse and a perilous performance, considering enemy airplanes.

"Our horse—notre cheval," the major explained, indicating Repeat.

"Your pardon, Monsieur," replied the French officer in command. "He is assigned us by the remount."

"Trade?" urged the major.

"Never," laughed the Frenchman.

"Forward, march," the major ordered, quelling mob noises from the ranks.

When the regiment went into camp that night two drivers from Battery A went AWOL and hit the back trail in a haste which on the face of it was nothing short of insubordination, desertion and cowardice. With infinite stealth they approached the picket line of a French artillery outfit and in the most approved cattle-rustler manner loosed a big black gelding, led him off through the shadows, mounted him and thundered away. In his place they left a changeling, a certain stolid bay which had been the uncongenial teammate of Pete.

IV

PETE and Repeat were together again. Such a meeting as that was! Half the regiment crowded around to see it. Such a whinnying, such a rubbing of noses, such an affectionate nipping of ears.

Pickles, who professed to interpret, informed the gathering that Pete had remarked: "Well, old timer, many's the day!" And Repeat had answered, "Gosh, them Frogs!"

Orders to harness and hitch broke off the reunion, and the regiment was off to keep a date for the big push. It would take some tall marching to do it, and there were horse lovers who insisted that it never could be done if Pete and Repeat weren't setting the pace.

On the regiment rolled through acres of kindling wood that once had been a forest. A drenching rain plashed down on the tin hats of the drivers, on the glistening haunches of their mounts and on the cannoneers trudging by the side of the carriages. Heavy going it was, but the first section of Battery A walked it out. And Pete and Repeat, shoulder to shoulder, pushed hard on the hocks of the swing pair and forced the leads to take up the slack in the traces.

Hours of that through the night, shell fire enlivening the way. The regiment must be in position to support the fast-moving infantry on their



How to Plan for Financial Success

EVERY red-blooded man fights for the objective of financial success. The history of successful men, from Rockefeller down, teaches us that the surest road to success is to save systematically and make your savings earn a good return.

You, too, can reach your objective of financial independence by adopting a definite method of saving and investing. Become an investor in Miller First Mortgage Bonds and solve the problem of getting ahead. These bonds are the ideal means of accomplishing your purpose. They come in denominations as small as \$100, pay the liberal rate of 8%, and are backed by an unbroken record of safety. No investor has ever lost a dollar of principal or interest through an investment in Miller Bonds.

To show you definitely how the problem of getting ahead may be solved, we have published a story called "Mr. Bunner's Budget." It describes the difficulty which one man had in carrying out his good resolutions about saving money, and tells how he finally hit upon the one method of systematic saving which has proved successful with thousands of people. This story will prove profitable to every reader of American Legion Weekly who is concerned about his financial success. Mail the coupon and receive a copy of the story at once.

DOUBLE YOUR INCOME
As your Liberty and Victory bonds are paid off, reinvest your money in Miller Bonds yielding 8% interest, payable semi-annually.
Keep your money working for you. At 8% it will double itself in ten years.
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711 Miller Bldg. Miami, Florida

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711 Miller Building, Miami, Fla.
Please send me the story, entitled "Mr. Bunner's Budget," and information about your bonds.
Name.....
Address.....
City and State.....

ELEGANT 7-JEWEL WATCH
\$7.95

C.O.D.
This handsomely designed thin model 7-jewel watch for only \$7.95. Genuine gold filled case; open face; screw back and bezel; stem wind and set—A dandy watch and fine timekeeper of exceptional value. Guaranteed to wear for years.
FREE If you act at once, beautiful knife and chain with order. **SEND NO MONEY.** Pay on arrival only \$7.95. If not delighted, return at once and get your money back on our ironclad guarantee. Jewelry and gem catalog free.
United Buying Ass'n., 220W. Ontario St., Dept. 204, Chicago

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Learn at home to mount birds, animals, game heads; taxidermy, make rugs and robes. Complete lessons. Easily and quickly learned by men, boys and women.
FREE Write for Free Taxidermy Book. Tells all about it.
Every sportsman, trapper and nature lover should know this wonderful fascinating art. Save your trophies. Big profits. Success guaranteed. 75,000 graduates. Investigate. Write for Free Book.
Northwestern School of Taxidermy, 2259 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

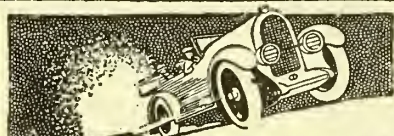
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ONLY \$2.95

2 GRAY FLANNEL SHIRTS

Here is one of the greatest bargains you ever heard of! Men's two Winter weight shirts worth \$2.50 each, only \$2.95 for two, and a heavy knit wool process yarn slip-on Sweater FREE. The shirts are roomily made, soft turn down collar, two strong, large button down pockets. Ideal shirts for work and semi-dress. We are making this amazing offer just to introduce our new catalogue. But act quick, before this offer is withdrawn. If you want to make sure of getting yours, send \$1.00 deposit and we will pay postage, or if you prefer, SEND NO MONEY. Just send your name, address and size wanted, pay postman \$3.95 plus postage on delivery. Money back if not satisfied.

INTERNATIONAL COMM. HOUSE, Dept. A-221
433 Broadway New York, N. Y.



Auto Men Wanted!

Everywhere in California auto men are wanted. Trained mechanics, chauffeurs, battery experts, machine shop foremen, garage managers; all draw big pay. Learn the business quickly and easily in our big training shops. No previous experience necessary. Any man, of any age can learn. Tools and equipment FREE. Work guaranteed to earn room and board while learning. Only expense is for low tuition. Write for FREE 72-page Illustrated book of facts. Explains everything.

NATIONAL AUTOMOTIVE SCHOOL
"Oldest and Best in America."

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AMAZING OFFER on UNDERWOODS

Only \$3.00 down puts a Shipman-Ward Rebuilt Underwood in your home or office. Try it; test it in every way for ten days. If you can tell it from a brand new Underwood in looks, action or quality of work, return it and we will treat every cent paid by you. If you decide to keep it, pay the balance in easy monthly payments and make a big saving in price. We guarantee the machine five years. Act now—send for free book and full particulars.

Only \$3 DOWN

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Typewriter Emporium
2519 Shipman Building, Montrose and Ravenswood Avenues, Chicago

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home inside of two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H-93 Drexel Ave. & 58th St. CHICAGO

AGENTS-\$5 to \$15 DAILY

EASY—Introducing NEW STYLE GUARANTEED HOSIERY—Must wear or replaced free. Big Profits. Repeat orders bring you regular income. You write orders—WE DELIVER AND COLLECT. No capital or experience needed. Outfits furnished. All colors and grades including finest silks.

MAC-O-CHEE MILLS CO., Desk 3716 Cincinnati, O.

BECOME A RAILWAY MAIL CLERK

Examinations soon. \$1600 to \$2300 a year. Steady life-time job. Common education sufficient. No "pull" necessary. Mail coupon for Catalog.

Patterson Civil Service School
Dept. 6312 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Sirs: Send me without charge your Catalog, describing this and other U. S. Government positions.

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Dept. 6312 Rochester, N. Y.

Name.....
Address.....

jump-off in the morning. There were no two ways about it.

Horses and men stumbled on through the mud that clutched at them, racing the dawn. And finally, when it seemed endurance was at its last ebb, came the order to halt, as the moon shed its light through a clearing sky. The pole prop slid down, easing weight from the necks of Pete and Repeat. Pickles dismounted, adjusted their harness and rubbed their necks where the steel collars had pressed. Then he slipped off into the woods, where the moon revealed the site of a well-stocked German camp, abandoned not many hours ago.

Pickles was an inveterate souvenir hound. You know the species. Not fatigue, not even wounds, deter them. Stiff and saddle-weary as he was, Pickles sought his prey.

You'd say he'd found it, as he strode jauntily back, just at the whistle to mount. It wasn't a helmet nor yet a Gott Mit Uns buckle. It gave no evidence of being a sword or a Luger pistol or a sawtooth bayonet. What it was could not be made out as Pickles, licking the foam from his scrub mustache, swung up into Pete's saddle, but it must be admitted that Pickles had brought along pretty nearly all of that souvenir except the barrel.

It wasn't ten minutes later that the Germans raked the road. A shell crashed and the off swing horse dropped in front of Repeat like a steer in the slaughter pen. A minute's halt while the caisson corporal's horse was harnessed in.

Then another shell ahead, turning the road into one vast slough of mud and despond. The first section plunged in and stuck.

Horses straining, bellies to the ground, drivers pleading, swearing and spurring, cannoners at the wheels, they struggled. But no way through and no way around. And dawn drew nearer.

As the team stood heaving at a last attempt before a bridge must be built, the little wheel driver was observed to step down the limber pole, put his arms around the necks of his two big blacks and whisper hoarsely to them. At a command, the team plunged forward and the muscles in the mighty haunches of Pete and Repeat flexed. A terrific effort, and they won through on to the solid road. The rest of the regiment followed through at a gallop and into position.

The words that Pickles whispered to his horses, calling forth that supreme effort, they were far too exhausted to understand. But as he leaned down between their heads and breathed his throaty whisper toward their dilated nostrils, Pete and Repeat sensed the nature of that souvenir he had collected in the German camp. They sniffed joyously. And back it took them again into the cool, calm arch of the brewery, the fragrances from its great vats stealing o'er them, summons to oats and hay and blessed rest.

As dawn broke that morning, so did a barrage of 155 shells over the German batteries.

WHEN Pete and Repeat returned from war they found that their old peace-time jobs were gone. But being sidekicks, they stayed together, and still in the Army you may find them to this day.

Elegant 11 PIECE DRESSER SET \$4.89

SEND NO MONEY

Beautiful Gift. Always appropriate and always appreciated. Eleven large ebony finished pieces in fancy tufted satin lined wooden case. 15 1/2 inches. Etched glass bonnet mirror 7 1/2 x 12 inches; 9 1/2 inch hair brush with 13 rows long white bristles. Other pieces in proportion. (\$10 value)—now only \$4.89. Send check or money order today, or pay postman on arrival. Shipped postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Standard Toilet Set Co., 839 Roosevelt Rd., Dept. 50, Chicago

HOW TO PAINT Signs and Sho-Cards

MEN! Learn the Sign and Sho' Card business. Become independent. Easy to learn. Pays big money. Our remarkable book gives complete instructions.

STOREKEEPERS: This book will quickly teach you how to make your own signs.

CONTENTS: Alphabets, Colors, HOW TO MIX PAINTS, Show Cards, Window Signs, Banners, Board and Wall Signs Ready Made Letters, Gliding, Commercial Art and Tricks of the Trade. Contains 100 alphabets and designs. Bound in flexible imitation leather, gold edges, \$2. postpaid or C.O.D.

OGILVIE INSTITUTE
57 Ross St. Dept. 3. New York

California state lands. The State Land Board of California has for sale 87 irrigated farms at Ballico near Merced in San Joaquin Valley on main line Santa Fe Railway. The state makes it possible for you to own one of these farms, only requiring 5 per cent of purchase price, remainder in semi-annual installments extending over 36 1/2 years with 5 per cent interest annually. Here is an opportunity to become a home owner on terms as favorable as renting. It will be a long time before any more land will be available under such generous provisions. Money advanced on improvements and dairy stock. Those already located very enthusiastic; you can farm all year in ideal conditions; all deciduous fruits profitably grown; alfalfa a paying crop, ideal conditions for stock and poultry; many persons have become rich by making their homes in California, with its winterless climate, plenty of sunshine, seashore and mountains, fertile valleys, paved highways, very efficient marketing, excellent schools; State board's pamphlet about Santa Fe folder describing San Joaquin Valley mailed free on request. C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, Santa Fe, 950 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ills.—Adv.

Watch, Knife & Chain \$1.95

Send No Money C.O.D.

Fully Guaranteed

This 1922 model Men's or Boys' popular 16 size perfect time keeper for only \$1.95. Solid Silveroid thin model case, open face, steel wind and push buttons, fustly tested, written guarantee with every watch. Present given with each watch. Send no money. Simply pay the postman \$1.95 and the watch and present is yours.

CONSOLIDATED WATCH CO., Dept. 96, 20 E. Lake St., Chicago

"How About the Moral Man?"

by Roderick Stebbins

and other liberal religious literature sent FREE

Address: F. EVERETT, Room 12-B
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

AUTOMATIC PISTOLS

AT CUT PRICES—NONE BETTER

25 cal. 7 shot . . . \$7.80
32 cal. 8 shot . . . \$9.60
32 cal. 10 shot extra magazine, making 20 quick shots, \$15.00.

SEND NO MONEY, pay on arrival, our price plus postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or money cheerfully refunded.

THE PRICE CUTTING COMPANY, 55 Broadway, New York

8 LIGHT XMAS TREES SETS \$1.69

For Batteries or House Current

ELECTRIC OUTFIT: 8 colored tungsten lights—completely wired ready to burn—only \$1.69.

16 Electric colored tungsten set only \$3.35
8 Lights fancy decorated figures . . . 4.45

FREE: 1 extra bulb if you send cash or order. RUSH Order-State outfit wanted, include the extra for postage.

F. ELECTRIC MFG. CO., 47 E. 28th St., N.Y.

Here Y'are, Buddies!

Buy your "cigars" by mail from SCARLETT and get the lowest prices in the whole U. S. A! Look 'em over, fellows:

FATIMA—Carton of 200. \$1.48
CHESTERFIELD—Carton of 200. 1.25
(2 Packages Extra, FREE)
PIEDMONT—Carton of 200. 1.25
(2 Packages Extra, FREE)

Sent PARCEL POST PAID, on receipt of price.

SCARLETT, 703-D Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.



Buddy's Page

My Objective -
"A magazine
you'll be proud of."

The Dealer

Mr. Legionnaire Dealer, you are the top kicker of the advertising forces.

You are the key that unlocks the advertiser's appropriations.

It is from you that they garner the inside dope. You are closer to the consumer than goldfish was to the army stew. Scouts from the offices of manufacturers drop into your headquarters, lean on the office railing and absorb the dealer knowledge that makes or breaks the firm that employs them.

You are forever signing on the dotted line—filling out the bulletins that come down from the G. H. Q. of the manufacturer.

Your say-so often determines his choice of media.

If advertising appearing in our Weekly helps your local sales, or if you know of copy that would help your sales if it did run, you can give your Stave Hero a big boost by saying so via coupon or letter.

You are the pivot man in the turning point of big advertising campaigns. You are the right guide when these campaigns are under way.

You played a leading role in getting Buddy his outfit of clothing. But that old Boy needs food, shelter and amusement. We hear no more the mess sergeant's call to "come and get it." We no longer hoist the pup tent and the pyramid and the hammock, and we no longer gather round the head of the "street" to hear the incinerator comedian telling the world how to run the war.

Mr. Dealer, keep a steady coupon barrage just ahead of Buddy's advance. With your help, they'll never stop him.

Buddy May Be Ousted from "Order of Bath"

In the life of Buddy in the Barrel, Saturday night is only Saturday night.

No bathroom equipment is advertised in his Weekly. Buddy has got to decamp to the cellar in his home, hoist a can, drill holes in it and attach a hose, even as in the days of the division baths up the lines.

The Stave Hero had quite a record in the combat days as a non-bather, but there was a reason. The bird who could find a bathtub rated a medal.

Speak to the ex-buck about the French bathing facilities and you get a laugh. Speak to Buddy about bathing facilities in his home and you get a tear.

Has this former warrior got to hie away to the kid's swimming hole or duck out of his home on a rainy night with nothing on but a smile?

Shower down on the dots. Get into the coupon swim—the water is fine. Buddy needs showers, pipes, bathtubs and other fixtures.

For years Buddy has been a member of The Order of the Bath. He was thus honored while A. W. O. L. in England. But unless his friends come through with a flock of coupons, Buddy will be ousted from the order and knocked for a row of Cannibal Island porcelain punch bowls.



To the Advertising Manager, 627 West 43d St., N. Y. C.
I would like to see advertised with us the following make of bathroom equipment:

Give reasons.

This coupon is for all Legionnaires and Auxiliary Members to fill out. But if you are a dealer or salesman handling this line, please indicate by check mark

.....dealer.....salesman

Name.....

Address.....

Post.....

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These Advertisers support us—Let's reciprocate. And tell them so by saying, when you write—"I saw your ad in

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"BE IT RESOLVED, that with a firm belief in the value of our magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY—as a national advertising medium; with the realization that due to limited subscription price and constantly increasing cost of production, the improvements which we desire to see in it will only be made possible through increased advertising revenue—and that increased advertising revenue depends primarily upon our support of advertisers in the WEEKLY—we hereby pledge our support and our patronage, as individuals, and as an organization, to those advertisers who use the columns of our official magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY."

Resolution passed unanimously at the Second National Convention of The American Legion.

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LET'S
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V SERVICE STRIPE—AWARDED ADVERTISERS WITH US REGULARLY FOR OVER SIX MONTHS. THE VV TWO, VVV THREE, VVVV FOUR AND FIVE STRIPES ARE GROWING IN NUMBER, AND THE SIX STRIPES ARE BEGINNING TO APPEAR.

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Advertising rates: \$3.00 per agate line. Smallest copy accepted, 14 lines (1 inch). THE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 627 West 43d Street, N. Y. City.

THEY
ADVERTISE,
LET'S
PATRONIZE

Stylish Moleskin Cloth Coat

50¢

Down

Special Price
\$13.85

Regular \$20.00
Value

Rain
Proof

Send only 50c with coupon, for this coat. Guaranteed rain proof, and is also suitable for stylish top coat. Made from moleskin cloth, a smooth, soft-finished material resembling chamois leather. Warm and comfortable in the coldest weather. Double-breasted belted style with stylish plaited pockets. Strap on sleeve. Yoke back with inverted plait, giving the coat plenty of fullness. Collar can be converted into military style, buttoning close up to neck or worn as shown in illustration. Backed with fancy plaid fast colored woven lining. All seams sewed, strapped and cemented. 45 inches long. Sizes 34 to 46. Rich Leather Brown Shade.

Order by No. F-19. Terms, 50c with coupon. \$2.25 monthly, Total price, \$13.85.

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Dept. 2259 West 35th Street, Chicago, Ill.

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